

The TATLER

Vol. CLVI No. 2028 EARLY SUMMER NUMBER

May 8, 1940

1/-



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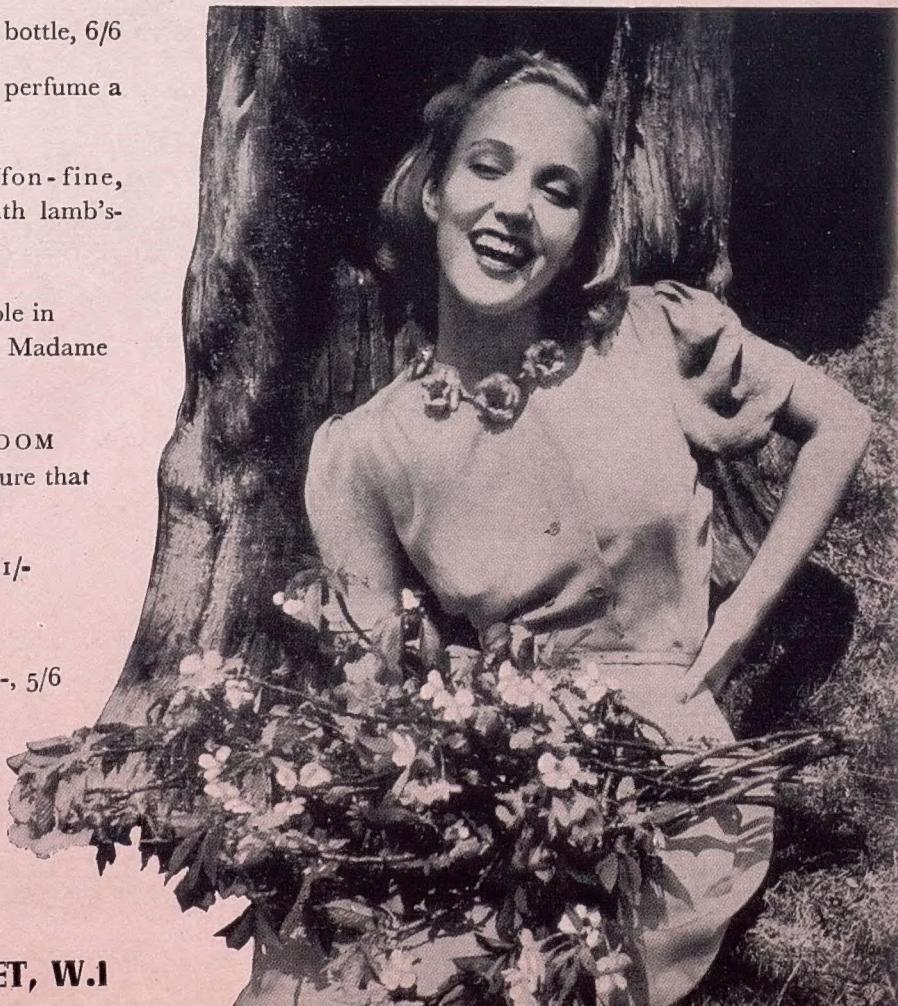
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Helena Rubinstein



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LONDON · MAY 8 · 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 3½d.



KATHLEEN MANN (LADY QUEENSBERRY)
AND HER PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL CARTON DE WIART, V.C.

A varnishing day picture of the famous artist daughter of an artist father, Harrington Mann, who has selected a man of the moment for her Academy portrait. Lady Queensberry married the present marquess in 1926, and is a painter of distinction and much talent. There is probably no soldier with much more on his hands at the moment than the gallant original of this portrait, particularly *vis-à-vis* Hitler's latest declaration that his next project after the conquest of Norway is the invasion of England. It is not stated at the moment how his troops intend to get to their objective unless they are good long-distance swimmers



The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream,
Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



A CHESHIRE CHRISTENING

The christening took place recently of the infant son of Captain W. E. S. Whetherly, King's Dragoon Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Whetherly, daughter of Lord Leverhulme. The ceremony was held at All Saints' Parish Church, Thornton Hough, near Thornton Manor, the Cheshire seat of Lord Leverhulme, who is seen on the left of this picture with his daughter and son-in-law and Lady Leverhulme. The child was given the names Dennis William Stobart

Sir Hugh Walpole and Rome

A book which every one is talking about becomes identified with the social round to a greater extent in wartime because we have been thrown back—a long way back—upon our rusted conversational gifts and upon letter writing, as means to preserve the acquaintanceships made with such facility when, party succeeding party, traffic in malicious personalities obviated the need for thoughtful comment, except for those to whom gossip without wit remained anathema.

Sir Hugh Walpole is the prescient author whose "Roman Fountain" makes conversation. Partly autobiographical and wholly disarming, it has come when every one wants to know more about Italy; not necessarily more about monuments, though he has something new to pay Michelangelo, but more about those intransmutable currents which will eventually control the outcome, whatever the immediate two-step.

"It was here (in the Vatican at the late Pope's funeral) that I noticed for the first time the childlike irresponsibility and sarcasm of the Italians—was surprised to find in fact, in these superficial but significant moments of observation, no difference at all between the Italian of 1910 and the Italian of 1939."

The book is a feast of beauty and fun, irony and a realization of the essential pathos in the human comedy, youthful memories, connoisseurship and a spiritual revelation. Great men, alive (Pacelli, Mussolini) and dead (if Keats be dead), people the Roman scene which is implied rather than described, Sir Hugh taking it for granted that you and I have been there, if not in the flesh, then in the novels of Marion Crawford, and with Stendhal, Symons and the rest, none of whom has made a better observation than "There seemed to me no reverence, but the very

odour of the Mediæval Age—a rich, dry, crackling odour of crusted ornateness and profitable superstition, of gaiety and cruelty, a passion for beauty, a disregard of pain, everything hot and pressed, and high-lit and dusky; above all a sniff of immortality."

Prince and Princess Ranieri di San Faustino ("Princess Jane's" son) have returned from New York to Rome, where Mrs. Lily Converse gave a party recently. The junior Hugh J. Chisholms of New York are visiting her artist mother, Donna Vera Lombardi, in Rome. She was Mrs. Frederick B. Bate of Paris, and before that Vera Arkwright, a considerable personality in the hunting, social and artistic lives of the Great War generation.

And Lady Berwick is in Italy again; they have closed Attingham Park, their lovely Georgian place in Shropshire. Lord Berwick was Honorary Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris from 1903 to 1911 and again from 1915 to 1916. He was formerly a captain in the Shropshire Yeomanry.



WIMBLEDON COOKERY

Lady Maureen Stanley, wife of the Secretary of State for War and daughter of Lord Londonderry, former Air Minister, went down to Wimbledon to give advice on cooking to local housewives at the inauguration of a cookery school started at the town hall by the Mayor, Major H. A. Crowe

Tooth's First War Exhibition

Tooth's Gallery, where Sir Hugh Walpole has described his purchase of "my 'White' Utrillo, bought in a passion of excitement one morning from my friend 'Dick' Smart in the little back room" has given London picture lovers an exhibition worth waiting for. Sine Mackintosh's is the first show since the war. When it broke she was painting in Brittany with artist husband, Rupert Fordham, her mother, their small daughter, Jan, and several prize poodles.

This caravan reached Portugal in thirty-six hours (700 kilometres) where she unexpectedly found more to paint than in any phase of her multitudinous wanderings. "Market place, Faro," and "Flowers of Portugal" bear witness to the charm of the chosen subjects, and to the originality of the artist's vision. "Mount Parnassus from Delphi" is a psychic dream, or you may prefer the tiny "Bruges," in which the sun blinds stand out from the houses. This sounds quite simple, but I cannot recall sun blinds stand-



A HIGHLANDER ENGAGEMENT

Patterson

Miss Patricia Mary Dick-Lauder and her future husband, Captain Ian Davy, who is in a very famous Highland regiment. The bride elect is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John and Lady Dick-Lauder of Fountainhall and Arabella House, Nigg, Ross-shire.

The engagement was on April 25



LONDON "NACHT-LEBEN"

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, younger daughter of the ninth Duke of Grafton, and Mr. and Mrs. Parker Bowles at one of London's best-known night spots. Mrs. Parker Bowles was Miss Ann de Trafford, only daughter of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford

ing out naturally in any picture painted *de face*.

From Portugal the Fordham-Mackintosh combination went to New York, where her poodles won medals, but she did not like working there, and refused to have an exhibition, which was unwise, in my view, because there are more genuine picture lovers in America. At the P.V. the poodles got more attention than the pictures, ours being a country of animal worshippers, but among those who kept a sense of direction were the Michael Rothensteins, Derek Jackson, Beatrice Bland the artist, Alan Gwynne-Jones, who is one of the Tate Trustees, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton, Lord Erne's decorative aunt-by-marriage, whose equally decorative daughter is married to Captain Eion Merry, The Blues. Major Dudley Tooth could not be there because he was with his regiment.

At the Queen's Hall and at Home

The last of the Beethoven concerts, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent at the Queen's Hall, drew an incredibly grubby audience, even



ENGAGED : MR. CHARLES BIRKIN AND Miss JANET JOHNSON

Miss Johnson gave up a prospect of something like £45,000 a year in Hollywood to come home and act in England, and is now in *A House in the Square* at the St. Martin's Theatre. Mr. Charles Birkin is a son of the late Colonel Charles Wilfrid Birkin of the famous Nottinghamshire county family

for a musical event. It seems deplorable that musical appreciation should be generally divorced from shampoo-sense, and that *soigné* men and women are generally tone-deaf, or worse. I saw the ever-chic and vivacious Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, attended by Dennis Wolferstan, who had no distance to come as he is the B.B.C. Appeal Secretary, in charge of those Sunday night beggars.

At the Polish Relief Fund Concert, which was the next big thing at the Queen's Hall, the audience was lightly sprinkled with listeners of "good appearance." To leave the front rows empty was a psychological blunder, and so was the absence of Chopin from the programme which culminated in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The young Polish violinist, Josef Hassid, gave a superb performance, the audience rising to this new genius. More loud applause for "Marche des Soldats" by a contemporary Polish composer, Kondracki. A Pole in the dress circle stood up and shouted his approval.

Violet, Lady Melchett was there and Lady Dunedin in black velvet



ANOTHER LONDON-BY-NIGHT PICTURE

At the same bright spot as the little party in the picture on the left and in the above are Mr. E. O. Durlacher, Lord and Lady Bridport and Mrs. Martin. Lord Bridport was a sub-lieutenant in the Navy on "the outbreak"

with a little ermine cape made from the bits on her Coronation robe. Her pretty Scots god-daughter, Mrs. Mathieson, was with her, wearing white and silver foxes.

I had seen them earlier in the evening at one of the Dunedins' gatherings for intimate cronies, including Sir Joseph Addison who epitomizes the Distinguished Club Man, Mr. Geoffrey Bles, the publisher, and Lady Duke-Elder, sunburned from her cure in Switzerland. Another clever couple who regularly entertain a few good talkers and appropriate listeners are the Tschiffelys, at whose Chelsea flat the company included Lady Playfair, full of her son's controversy with Ernest Newman about the *Beggar's Opera*, and Mrs. "Murren" Duff-Taylor waiting for "Squire" whose hours are the War Office's.

At every club to which you go these days the Red Tabs are in great profusion, and at every party now "there's a wee doch and doris, and wee wifie waiting," in the immortal words of Sir Harry Lauder.

The Social Round—(continued)

Music for Poland

Last week a concert for Polish Relief was organized by the Sussex branch of the fund, at Brighton, where the Music Room of the Pavilion could not have been fuller—a gratifying spectacle. Among those listening to Signor Dino Borgioli were two of the Prince Regent's collateral descendants—Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Alice, to whom this page offers its dutiful *bon voyage*. The Athlones' friends and neighbours in Sussex will miss them very much, and so will their garden.

One of the keenest workers for Polish relief in Scotland is Lady Moncrieff, whose husband, the Lord of Session, is a Greek scholar and something of a metaphysician. In Parliament House his amiable eccentricity makes news. The Moncrieffs, who are Roman Catholic converts, have four daughters; two were married in April. Last week's concert at the Overseas Club in Princes Street was for the Polish Relief Fund, of which Lady Moncrieff is president in Scotland. Countess Raczynska went north to meet some of Poland's Scottish well-wishers, and to inspect the new dépôt in Leith where comforts are collected and shipped. She spoke during the interval—a rôle undertaken by the B.B.C.'s part-Polish Val Gielgud, at the Queen's Hall.

This week Edinburgh is entertaining the various R.C. bishops who came to see the Apostolic Delegate solemnly received at St. Mary's Cathedral by Archbishop Macdonald on Sunday. The fact that a huge audience was due at the Usher Hall (which takes a mint of filling!) on the 6th to hear Archbishop Godfrey speak about "The Church and the Nations," proves the "northern Athens" more than ever interested in the religious structure under the political face.

The Restaurant Round

The "Where is everybody?"

—who have you seen?" gleaner must be having rather a thin time, as London becomes emptier, and acquaintances go with the winds of war. I find the ratio of unknowns per restaurant population is increasing rapidly, which comes hard on the columnist who must go more places to collect enough faces. Drawing Claridge's first, we note Lady Duveen giving a lunch party; her youngest guest is Jessica Stonor, beauty and sculptress; her eldest Elinor Glyn, beauty and novelist. The Charles Brothertons are together. He is a newish philanthropist; has given £250,000 in the north country. She was "Muffie" Elliot-Pyle, his third wife, many years younger. When their first child was born not long ago he gave away more money from *joie de vivre*.

There were no millionaires in the Mirabelle, unless we count the Duke of Marlborough, being half a Vanderbilt. Richard and Kay Norton, Guy Lambert (shades of Monte Carlo Beach) and Mrs. Eustace

Storey (whose golfer husband is now a Lance Bombadier) were eating there, but some of the more *gourmets raffinés* swear by the Coquille at which three-decker retreat in St. Martin's Lane I found Lady Hawke and her daughter, Lady (Barbara) Simonds, downstairs, and witty Noel Fitzhenry—now a censor—upstairs, and Colonel Arthur Evans on the level. He was enjoying five days leave from the B.E.F., though enjoying is too weak a verb for the way in which this political warrior devoured a four-course lunch, before going to Questions for the first time in several months. The House must seem quaintly out of focus to those members who return occasionally from more or less active service, but perhaps its trivial vapours give them a sense of cosy permanence, like calling on a great-aunt. Colonel Evans, who has a group of "picks and shovels"—to give an allegorical designation—speaks highly of the three hundred Austrians and German Jews under his command; their energy and discipline are tip-top.

Some of the quality have discovered that the hottest band is at Hatchett's, where nobody changes, in fact the only evening dress was on Derek Fitzgerald's fair partner whose three Scotties held court in the "Ladies." The "Tony" Gillsons and her great friend, Eve de Mier, were with the tallest, darkest and most popular of the pre-war ski-ing toffs. Your guess. At the Savoy the Old Guard was represented one evening by Lord and Lady Ilchester; Café Society by the Vivian Cornelius à deux, and the International Brigade by Christopher Mackintosh with Lady (James) Dunn.

The lunch counters have been only slightly thinned by the Budget. There are still two to every chair in the *foyer* of Luigi's. Admittedly it is a very small hall, but no room to turn round and go out again is the first rule for a successful restaurant. The new Lady Orr-Lewis (Anne Allen) was up from the east coast resort where her husband is being drilled. I gathered that listening to mines being exploded

by gunfire constitutes popular music in those parts. Lunching with her was Mrs. Alexander Cameron, better remembered as lovely Pamela Grant-Sturgis, who has her mother's Stuart-Wortley looks. Mr. "Atty" Persse stopped for a long pow-wow, ending in a tip for Mrs. "Laurie" Dunne, who is looking much younger in spite of hard work. She has been driving Evans of the *Broke* since September 1st. Now she is standing by, on leave, until the admiral returns from his mission to Norway. Her shootin' and fishin' husband, who is primarily an admirable London magistrate, has been fishing with Lord and Lady Normanton.

Workers at Forbes House

One of the personalities at Forbes House Central Hospital Service is an exceptionally good fisherwoman, Mrs. Manning-Haines. She and her cousin, Mrs. "Bo" Salter, are in charge of the stock room, which is so aggressively orderly that visitors are afraid to put down their gloves in case these fly into a highly polished biscuit tin, for eventual distribution to one of many depots. Lady Wraxall controls a number of depots in the west country, which good work is no more than one would expect from the former Ursula Lawley, who used to be Queen Mary's maid of honour and a pillar of the Middlesex Hospital.

In the earlier days of the war the Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Dorothy Campbell worked at Forbes House. The former is now on duty in France, and the latter only let up because her arches let her down. Latterly the regulars have included Lady Abingdon (off to America) and her great friend Madame Rollo, wearing the same jaunty scarves. Two pretty girls, Diana Palmer and Penelope Thomas; David and Max Niven's sister, Joyce; the Empire's No. 1 bridge player, Lady Rhodes, and her cousin Mrs. Dudley Tooth (who are sharing the former's Chelsea abode), Richard Sickert's sister-in-law, Mrs. Schweder, and Lady Greville were "on" the other day.

I was shown various wonders including an electric cutter which prepares forty garments at one swoop, and the "mortuary," so called because in the first week of the war when bombs were expected every minute, Lady Granard's cook was heard to say—"This is just the place for laying out the bodies." Its shelves are occupied by comforts, including some highly coloured pyjamas labelled "from England" in Polish, about which nobody seemed to know anything, or else I was asking out of turn.

Mrs. Manning-Haines, who was fishing in Iceland when war broke out, had a memorable voyage back in company with Sir Harold (new faces) Gillies and Sir Percy (shipping) Bates. When some enterprising nosy sets about collecting personal memoranda on the outbreak, her experiences should be included because they touched high, hysterical comedy. Since then her only leave was spent on the Wye, on the Wyesham water. She hopes to get over to Ireland to Loch Arrow for the may fly, but sees little prospect of fishing in Scotland later, and

(Continued on page 241)



LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON IN AUSTRALIA

This picture was taken during the recent visit of the former Viceroy of India and Lady Willingdon to the Antipodes. Since their return Lady Willingdon has been taking a keen interest in the forthcoming Red Cross Sale at Christie's. In the group are: left to right (standing) Mr. Hugo Brassey, Lord Errington, Lord Cromer's heir, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Miss Price, Mr. Peter Lubbock; (seated) Lady Willingdon, H.E. Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of Australia, Lady Gowrie and Lord Willingdon

A BEAUTIFUL DEBUTANTE OF THIS YEAR

*Hartup, New Bond Street*

MISS MAXINE BIRLEY

Débutante is a word with rather a hollow ring this year with war clamping down on the Courts and usual functions of a London season, but there are many beautiful girls coming out in the quieter fashion appropriate to the time, none more beautiful than the daughter of Captain Oswald Birley, the famous artist, and Mrs. Birley, who was Miss Rhoda Pike. Miss Birley was unofficially "presented" at the Queen Charlotte Hospital Ball which took place last March

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

ALMOST my favourite novelist is the late Mrs. Amanda Ros. In her last published masterpiece, "Delina Delaney," there occurs a love scene which is the very spit and image of one of those affairs as expounded on the screen. Feeling "crimsoned, confused, and tartly smitten," Delina surrenders to Lord Gifford, after which we read: "It makes me almost die of disgrace to think of it," she muttered. "I already know that I have done wrong in fighting the fight of disobedience, and clinging to him who probably yet may steep me in disgrace. But heaven guide me to the bitter end!" Then she breathed, sighing heavily, inwardly saying again: "Come, courage, come! Heaven help me, else I dwindle into the puddle of shame, and damp not only my feet, but, alas! my whole body!" Were I a playwright I should at once set about dramatising this novel, and cast Miss Barbara Mullen for Delina and Mr. Eric Portman for Lord Gifford!

For years I have been looking vainly for a successor to this book. The quest is, of course, hopeless as would be the attempt to find another Marie Lloyd or a second Little Tich. These masterpieces of art and nature are peerless, and so remain. Nevertheless, I was encouraged when the other day Mr. John Mair in *The New Statesman* described a new novel as "that rare thing, a little gem of pure, pellucid, perfect silliness." Who would not have been heartened by such an extract as this? "When Carol noticed that 'Teresa, herself someone abnormally feminine, but now in this terrifying atmosphere quadrupled her personality, and in inverse ratio provoked his anger with an insulting virginity,' he realized that 'ahead of him lay the *tedium vitae*, the *raison d'être*, the *sine qua non*, perhaps marriage, or God knew what.'" So I possessed myself of "Our Lady of the Earthquakes," and read on the very first page: "She was born in a small village below a volcano called Algaricocleznu in the South Americas. This volcano erupted once every month, accompanied by many earthquakes. All the villagers were highly strung, especially the mothers, who prayed frequently for fine weather." And on the second page: "Be that as it may, an hour before Teresita arrived, Algaricocleznu erupted, showers of cinders, lava dust, and millions of scorched locusts fell around its foot, and, as though it were a performance, an earthquake shook the entire country, swallowing up two picturesque villages, upsetting a lake and drowning three thousand head of cattle and a school outing. The shock of the disturbance broke a seismograph in Pekin, and knocked Teresita clean out of her mother's womb." Either I have been knocked clea

Lovely Nonsense

out of my mind or "a school outing" placed where it is, is the pure and perfect chrysolite.

But humour is a ticklish business. Somebody said to me the other day: "This afternoon I went to call on a firm of lawyers called Messrs. Peabody, Peabody, Slaithwaite, Arbuthnot and Smith. I asked for the senior partner whose name turned out to be Robinson!" Does the reader think this funny or not? But I must return to the new novel and to Teresa's mother who is called Teresa and is, it appears, a French millionairess in love with Francis de Loigny, an airman who has just crossed the Atlantic in a blizzard. Francis faints on arrival at the aerodrome, and is taken care of by Teresa, who puts him to bed and sends his clothes to be fumigated! He recovers consciousness to find Teresa sitting by his bedside, and we read:

"You must understand," she said, "I am very careful about the things to do, not anything vulgar or in bad form. I have very great connexions. My uncle was the President of Peru, and fought a duel with my last husband. My first husband—"

"Your first husband," said Francis against his will.

"Yes, that was very sad, it was the only mistake I made. He was responsible for having my father shot."

"I see," said Francis, "and now, if you will . . . He made as if to rise.

"Let me dry your head for you," cried Teresa in agitation.

"No thank you."

"It will freeze," said Teresa in doubt. She seized a towel and started rubbing his head in a sort of fury.

"I am used to these domestic things," she said quite

gaily. "My first husband used to go swimming a lot." "Really," murmured Francis under the towel, "and now, please—"

"Just a moment. We will talk after I have brushed your hair."

"I beg your pardon." The telephone bell rang. "Hullo, the taxi is waiting." "Thank you. And the dressing-gown is coming up? Thank you."

"What is that?" cried Teresa in a low, perturbed voice, her eyes fixed reproachfully on Francis's face.

"I am now going to lunch with the President of the Republic."

And what, the reader asks, is the point of all this? The point is that the film at the Carlton called *Typhoon* is exactly like a combination of "Delina Delaney" and "Our Lady of the Earthquakes"!

The heroine, played by Miss Dorothy Lamour, seems always liable to "dwindle into the puddle of shame and damp not only her feet but her whole body," while the hero, played by Mr. Robert Preston, is in continual need of having his hair dried. This is the first time I ever remember having seen either Miss Lamour or Mr. Preston, and I am now ravenous for more.

For their medium is that rare thing among pictures—the gem of pure, pellucid, perfect silliness! Miss Lamour as a child of about seven is launched by a shipwrecked and sinking parent into a boiling sea. Ten years pass and we see her as a lovely marooned virgin in a lovely maroon lava-lava, with eyebrows plucked and looking as though she has just stepped out of a Broadway beauty parlour. Her sole attendant is an ape who appears to double the parts of butler and lady's maid.

Presently Mr. Preston, also shipwrecked, is cast up on the island accompanied by Mr. Lynne Overman, and the trio—quartet, if you count the ape—make innocent whoopee until the arrival of some excessively gaudy pirates who set fire to the brushwood. Our trio look like perishing when the timely typhoon arrives, and a wonderful affair it is!

I have no idea how this terrific business is done. It may very well be that the models are of the tiniest size on the scale of, say, the domestic bath-tub putting out the kitchen stove. But the result is realism itself; all this part of the film is extremely exciting. Finally, Miss Lamour meets with the fate that Delina feared, and gets damp all over, while we doubt whether Mr. Preston's hair will ever be dry again. In the end the sun re-emerges, the trio find a rowing boat and, hoisting what looks like the famous lava-lava as a sail, they head for happiness and, if Hollywood can arrange it, doubtless luncheon with President Roosevelt. What happens to the ape we do not learn.

J. A.



GRACIE AND MAURICE

Together again at Drury Lane last week when Maurice paid a flying visit to London to appear in a "return match" for the Foyers Franco-Britanniques held recently in Paris. The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the French Ambassador, M. Corbin, headed a large and enthusiastic audience of members of the Forces. Report has it that Gracie and Maurice are shortly to join forces in a film to be called *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*. Meanwhile Gracie is off to Egypt and Palestine to entertain the troops out there as she has those nearer home

NOTABLE APRIL WEDDINGS



ELWES — MARTIN-SMITH

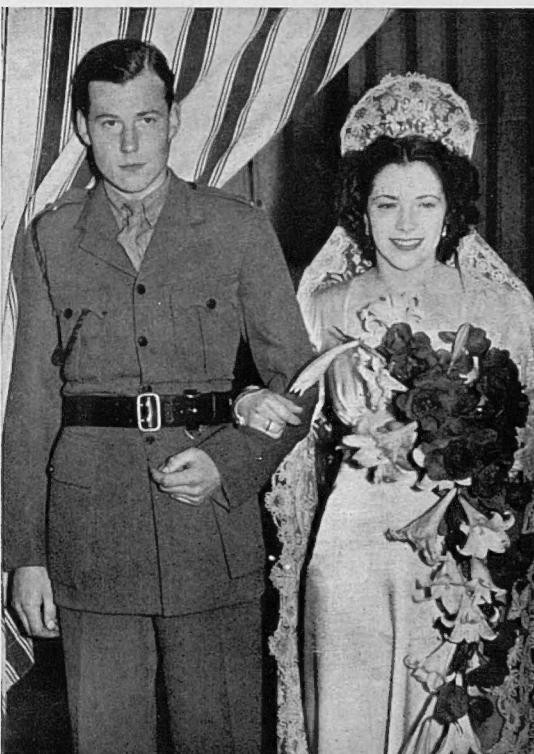
The marriage took place on April 27 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, of Mr. Robert Philip Henry Elwes, 16th/5th Lancers, eldest son of Mr. Robert H. A. Elwes of Cougham House, King's Lynn, and of the late Mrs. Elwes, and Miss Vivien Elizabeth Martin-Smith, daughter of the late Captain Everard Martin-Smith and of Mrs. Martin-Smith, of Lane House, King's Walden



KENNARD — PERSCHKE

The marriage took place on April 27 at Chelsea Old Church of Mr. Laurence U. C. Kennard, elder son of Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard, and Miss Joan Perschke, elder daughter of Mr. William T. Perschke and the late Mrs. Perschke

(Below) HORDERN — GIBBONS
St. James's, Spanish Place, was the venue of the wedding on April 27 between Sub-Lieutenant (A) Lebbeus Anthony Hordern, R.N.V.R., son of the late Lebbeus Hordern, and Dona Olga Clare de Romero, and Miss Ursula Georgina Gibbons, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Gibbons and of Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, of Arlington House



WELD-FORESTER — BUTLER

As late as 5.30 p.m. on April 30, a threatened postponement necessitated by the bride-groom's military duties was averted, and Mr. Charles Robert Cecil Weld-Forester, the Rifle Brigade, only son of Major the Hon. Edric and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester, was married to Lady Moyra Butler, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride's veil of old Brussels lace belonged once to the great Sarah Duchess of Marlborough



HANWORTH — PARKER

A military romance culminated on April 27 in the marriage at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, of Second Lieutenant Viscount Hanworth, R.E., only son of the late Captain Charles T. A. Pollock and of the Hon. Mrs. Pollock of Longdown Cottage, Sandhurst, Berks, and Miss Isolda Rosamond Parker, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Parker of Cairo. The bride is a Junior Company Commander in the A.T.S., and met Lord Hanworth when they were billeted in the same area



TYLER — FITZALAN-HOWARD

Film actress niece of Lord Howard of Glossop, Miss Phillipa Fitzalan-Howard, who plays a part in the British naval film *Contraband*, was married at Brompton Oratory on April 26 to Mr. Edward Tyler, Irish Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Guy Tyler, of Marlow, Bucks. Miss Fitzalan-Howard is the daughter of the late Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard and of Mrs. P. G. Rivière



RACING RAGOUP BY "REGULAR"

THE Frenchman Djebel won the Guineas just as Charlie Elliott had told me on the previous Saturday at Hurst Park that he would win—how he pleased. It was lovely to watch a real good horse come away from his field in effortless style up the hill, and lovelier still if one had invested a few "shiners" on it, and Mrs. Vernet laid me 11 to 4. The starting price was only 9 to 4, and for once in a way the Tote with 7 to 2 beat the books. One of these days I am going to compile a volume entitled "Great Races that have been Won by Great Horses not in the Stud Book." A number of old gentlemen, who would sooner alter a page in the Bible as a page in the "Stud Book," will have apoplexy and have it publicly burned on Newmarket Heath. Djebel is yet another big winner to be excluded from the Turf holy of holies, as his paternal grandmother was a daughter of the despised Durbar II. Durbar II may not have been a gentleman, but he was good enough to win the English Derby of 1914. A typical French horse is Djebel, all wire and whipcord, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, trained to the hour. Others in the field may have been better looking, but for the job in hand none appealed more than he did. The sweat was pouring off Fair Test, a trait so many of the sons of Fairway have inherited. He must have lost stones in the preliminaries, and he and his stable companion, Bladen, delayed matters and kept us all on tenterhooks by cantering down to the post five minutes late. During these moments of suspense an aviator with a distorted sense of humour fired a few rounds of blank from his machine gun. As usual, when the race was run on the Rowley Mile they went a rare gallop from flagfall, and the two professional watches "clocked" the race at 1 min. 43 secs., which is exceptionally fast, and a real test of stamina. The winner was not tiring in the least and the farther they had gone the farther he would have won. I cannot, therefore, see any reason why he should not confirm his superiority over all and sundry in the Derby. As the race was run to suit him, Lighthouse II's failure to get a place was disappointing. I am sure the extra half mile at Newbury will be to his advantage, but he has a very long way to make up on Djebel. The inseparables, Tant Mieux and Stardust, once again finished within inches of one another, but for the first time Stardust finished in front of Gordon's mount, and as he was drawn on the far side Stardust must be given credit for running the best race of his career. Neither of these colts can be considered other than moderate, but their consistency is remarkable. Djebel's victory could not have been better acclaimed if the race had been won by a horse owned by Lord Derby. M. Boussac, whose colours are carried almost as frequently in England these days as they are in his native France, was

present to see his victory. He still speaks no English. M. Boussac has met with astounding success in the last twenty years, and owned last year's French Derby and Grand Prix winner, Pharis II, in my opinion the best horse I have ever seen. Charlie Elliott has been his jockey for the last ten years, and though they neither spoke the other's language for some time, the combination has been most harmonious.

Henry Count, an Englishman who has lived so long at Chantilly that he now thinks in French, and his jockey, Brethes, brought off a great double on the opening day, winning the Hastings Stakes with Majano and the Maiden Two-Year-Old Stakes with Le Marmot. Count

have been prohibited in France, but until recently a number of wealthy gentlemen were always to be seen sheltering under the trees at the back of the stands, most of them financed by the Greek Syndicate, who would bet you anything from 100 francs to 100,000 without turning a hair. Now things have been tightened up, and these gentlemen have disappeared, so it's the Tote or nothing. Betting in France is at a very low ebb in these days, and the equivalent to fifty quid on a horse in a small race would automatically make it odds on. Count therefore prefers to send his horses across to England, where our bookmakers, without exactly being philanthropists, are always prepared to take him on. If he goes on winning races he will have to accept a reduced rate of odds, but we can expect further raids from Count and others, and I for one intend to back every horse they send over here. One knows that the horse is not being sent across the Channel for the benefit of its health, and what I like about these French horses is that they do get the trip. They may not be oil paintings, but if you want oil paintings you can see them at the Royal Academy. At Newmarket I prefer something less ornamental but more useful. I am not very well up in French uniforms, but never have I seen a jockey so resplendent as was Brethes, who, if uniforms count for anything, must be General Gamelin's right-hand man. Charlie Smirke, the glamour boy of the weighing-room, must have turned green with envy. The racecourse is just about the most expensive place in the world on which to make mistakes, but on Le Marmot Brethes made a mistake of two whole furlongs and yet won the race.

As we know to our continual vexation, races are apt to finish in odd places at Newmarket; but Monsieur Brethes was unaware that this one finished in the Dip, two furlongs away. The French jockeys have a way of picking up their whips soon after the numbers go up, so it came as no surprise to Brethes when the jockeys "upped" with their flails and rode like blazes when they were still supposedly three furlongs from home. Brethes followed suit and won, but thinking he still had a quarter of a mile to

go went on riding like blazes, but the others, of course, pulled up. When he eventually looked round and found the others were a furlong away, he must have thought that The Tetrarch had come to life again.

Djebel, M. Marcel Boussac's Guineas winner, is now ticketed a very good bet for the new Derby to be run at Newbury on June 12 and it is difficult to see any of those who were behind him at Newmarket seriously challenging his chance unless they make some extraordinary improvement in the course of a month or thereabouts. Djebel was not entered for the Derby and luck, therefore, favours him. He is unquestionably a very good colt.

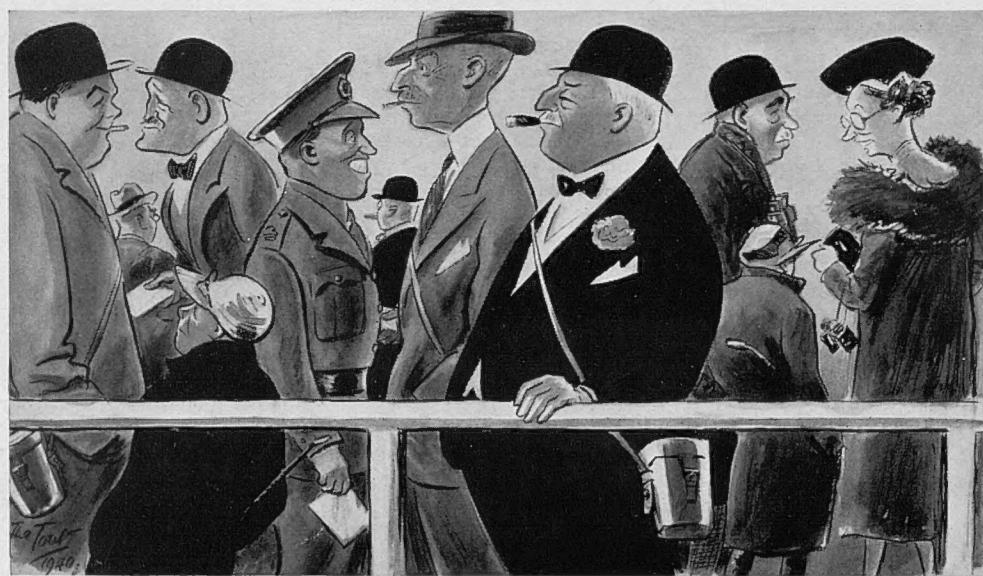
Q. G.



DJEBEL — THE WINNER
OF THE TWO THOUSAND

M. Marcel Boussac's colt won the first of the new Classics in the proverbial trot, and it is highly probable that he will win the New Derby, to be run at Newbury, June 12

is one of the wisest guys training on the other side of the Channel, and his raids on this country have netted him a packet in recent years. Count likes to have a bet, and a bet of any dimensions is one of the few things you can't have in Paris. For years bookmakers



A GALLERY OF WELL-KNOWN ON THE JULY COURSE

The July Course has to work overtime during the war, as all the racing at headquarters is behind The Ditch. Here are some celebrities at the Guineas Meeting, the names including, left to right: Jock Gaskell, the Exeter House trainer, the Hon. Algry Howard, Lord Carnarvon, Major "Buck" Barclay, Lord Rendlesham, and Mr. J. Ramsden and his daughter Miss Lena Ramsden



AT NAAS 'CHASES: MISS VIOLA MARTIN AND THE HON. JOHN FORBES

Lord Granard's younger son is up at T.C.D. specialising in Engineering. Miss Martin is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Martin

TWO IRISH RACE MEETINGS: NAAS AND THE CURRAGH



MRS. A. H. WATT AND AUBREY BRABAZON
Brabazon rode Mrs. Watt's "Pure Fun," which ran up in the Kingsfurze Plate. Major A. H. Watt is the ex-Master of the United



MRS. PETER BURRELL AND MADAME O'MAHONY

Two more who saw the mixed meeting at The Curragh. Madame O'Mahony is the wife of The O'Mahony of Grange Con, and Mrs. Burrell's husband is Director of the National Stud and a younger son of Sir Merrick Burrell. Mrs. Burrell is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Stephen Pollen



MRS. HAROLD QUINLAN AND H.E. MAURICE GOOR (BELGIAN MINISTER)

The lady is the wife of Dr. Harold Quinlan, who is well known in Dublin polo circles. The Belgian Minister goes hard with The Ward



LADY STAFFORD-KING-HARMAN AND CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE

The wife of the senior Steward of the Irish Turf Club, Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, snapped with his Majesty the King's very popular racing manager in a lull in the proceedings at The Curragh



AT THE CURRAGH: MR. JOHN HALL KELLY AND MRS. HILL-WHITSON

Mr. John Kelly is the new Canadian High Commissioner in Ireland and is as fond of a bit of racing as most of his countrymen. As very often happens in Ireland they had a mixed card, flat and a bit of jumping

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Text-book-cum-Autobiography

WHAT is a happy life? Well, at a guess, I should say a passionate love of beauty, an appreciation of little things, simple pleasures and "alone-ness"; together with a creative occupation which is also a hobby. Then your happiness is self-sufficient: it does not depend—or very slightly—on other people, on organised entertainment; and one's livelihood is not also an imprisonment. It is the utter lack of "building" in so many lives which makes them so drab, and those who live them so discontented and so restless.

Therefore I should say that Mr. John Farleigh's autobiography-cum-text-book, "Graven Image" (Macmillan; 15s.), is the story of a happy life. A life of tremendously hard work, of course; because an idle, uncreative life is always a miserable one; but

There is nothing of class-room pedantry in his book. He can make the most complicated processes of printing, wood-engraving and the other ramifications of his artistic craft perfectly easy to understand and follow even by those who, like myself, know very, very little about them. Moreover, the book is so profusely illustrated by examples of tools, methods of employing them, and the various stages which have to be gone through before the final proof is ready, that you could learn quite a lot by studying them alone. On the other hand, you may skip the text-book part and still enjoy the remainder, the autobiographical part; finding in it ample justification to read through the whole book and re-read much of it again and again. For the author, his life has always been his work, and his work is not only an expression of himself but also of his experiences

and philosophy. Let me quote from one of the most interesting chapters—the chapter entitled "Odd Reflections." Every artist—and indeed, everyone whose life is inspired by the creative impulse—will appreciate the following:



A DINNER BEFORE THE OXFORD NEUTRALITY DEBATE

They had a dinner at the Carlton Club, Oxford, before the Debate at the Union on the position of neutrals in this second big war with Germany. In the picture above are (l. to r.) Miss Clarissa Churchill, niece of the First Lord; the Hon. Harold Nicolson, M.P., who made a most pungent speech in support of the motion that there is no room for neutrality in this conflict; and Mr. Robin Edmonds, President of the Union, a son of Air Commodore C. H. K. Edmonds, D.S.O.

a life, nevertheless, which was superbly worth living, because he was doing what he wanted more than anything else to do. Also, what he did offered expansion, invited experiment, and was, too, an expression of himself. Probably, as an artist, he is best known to the general public as the remarkable illustrator of Shaw's "Black Girl in Search of God," but he has also illustrated some of the works of D. H. Lawrence and Sacheverell Sitwell, and is one of the most famous wood-engravers in the world. However, we are dealing with his book, which is a most delightful one to read. How he managed to write what is a mixture of text-book and autobiography without disappointing the pupil and without boring the general reader is a triumph of proportion. He possesses that rare gift of a man talking intimately about the secrets of his craft without making the outsider more and more mystified in the process. Partly this may be because he still considers himself something of a learner. He allows us, therefore, to learn with him, and that makes the lesson a thousand times more interesting.



SOME OTHERS AT THE DINNER

Dr. Dimanescu, Counsellor, Press Relations at the Rumanian Legation; Mr. Beverley Baxter, who made a fighting speech comparing the "Destroyers" to Al Capone, Spike O'Donell and Co.; Miss Gay Margesson, daughter of Captain David Margesson, M.P.; H.H. Prince Ghyka, and Colonel Johnston

"Did I always intend to be an illustrator and engrave wood? Of course not! How can the boy visualise the man when it is difficult for the man to visualise the boy? I find myself bewildered, and not a little alarmed, when I realise how little I have controlled my own actions. Perhaps, here and there, one has steered the course, but it is pathetic, and not a little humiliating, to realise the smallness of one's own contribution. Yet surely that small contribution is the miracle of man's progress. In the subtle web of life the smallest addition makes a complete rearrangement necessary. The unit returns to chaos for a while until time readjusts. Thus is balance precariously preserved. A chance remark can alter our conception of life. A chance discovery can upset the theories of the master mathematician. We grope for a while and then

By RICHARD KING

return to the normal, perhaps more carefully and more appreciatively, but nevertheless normal to the new state of development."

The Famous "Black Girl"

NNATURALLY, since the writer's illustrations of Shaw's "Black Girl in Search of God" placed him on the map as far as the general public is concerned (though these illustrations are by no means his best or most remarkable work), much of the autobiography is concerned with how the book came to be illustrated by him. Consequently this autobiography has not only an almost too copious number of Shaw's shorter letters, but Shaw's own drawings are included in it, and these show that G.B.S. is also more than something of an artist himself. In any case, these letters help to tell a story which bears closely upon not only the artist's work but also upon his life. In fact, "Graven Image" is one of those rare books which can be as much enjoyed by fellow-craftsmen as by the lay reader. Be you interested in art or life, or both, you will find in it some hours of real enjoyment.

Thoughts from "Graven Image"

"THE artist's work is a portrait of his life, just as his life is a portrait of his work. Sad is the man who draws boots and shoes for a living. He must be for ever downcast."

"Be a man however virtuous and he makes one slip."

"The dull man is not aware of his dullness and is therefore content, and who does not envy the contented at times?"

"Beauty is God—every man's, not any one man's God—whether he admits it or not. Beauty is a profound need; it is a belief in that need, and beauty springs from that belief."

"Discoveries are made much more readily when the limitations are not set beforehand."

"Far more is learned by taking a few risks than by being eternally careful; and if it is nerve-racking, at least one is alive."

Tragic Life of a Famous Clown

WHOOEVER loves circuses knows Coco, the famous clown. For many years he was the children's joy at every performance of Bertram Mills's marvellous circus. At Olympia at Christmas-time he was as much a part of the Christmas holiday season as crackers. He was everybody's favourite. Well, now he has written his life: "Coco the Clown" (Dent; 10s. 6d.), and it is one of the most adventurous yet saddest autobiographies, which you will certainly wish to read. Coco, whose real name is Nicolai Poliakoff, is a Russian born at Dvinsk forty years ago. None of his family were connected with circuses, though his father was

(Continued on page 210)



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD EVANS ("EVANS OF THE 'BROKE'")
By Mario Gníxoni

The exploit in 1917 when H.M.S. *Broke* and *Swift* took on and beat six German destroyers has fired their successors to emulate their fine deeds. Sir Edward Evans, of whom this is an excellent portrait, is now Additional Naval Attaché in Scandinavia



SIR WILLIAM WORSLEY
By Harold Knight, R.A.

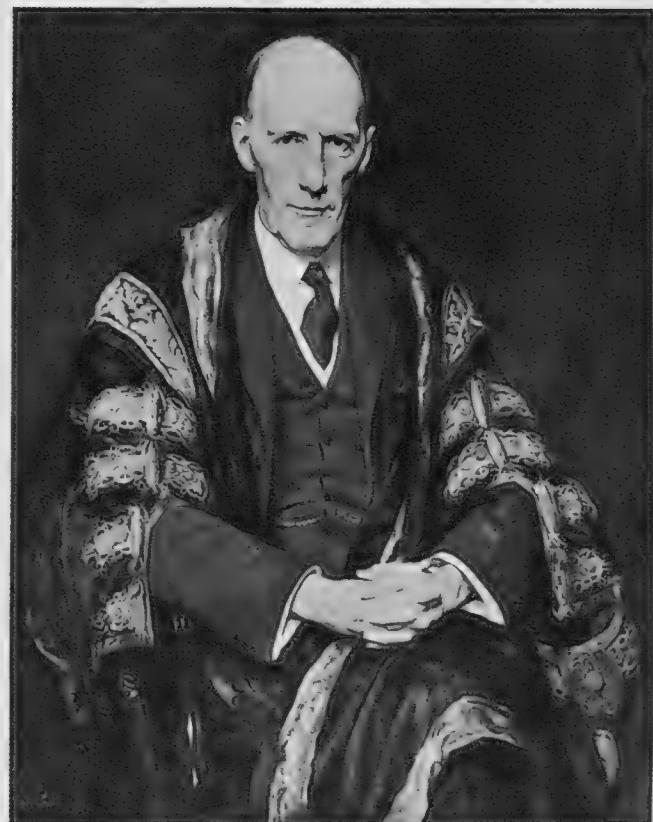
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PORTRAITURE IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY



MAJOR-GENERAL J. H. BEITH ("IAN HAY")
By T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.

The famous Director-General of Public Relations at the War Office hardly needs any introduction to any public the world over. Major-General Beith is a striking instance of a man who is equally at home with the sword and that supposedly mightier weapon the pen



SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON, PRESIDENT OF THE R.C.P.
By James Gunn

Captain Sir William Worsley, whose excellent portrait is by Harold Knight, R.A., fought with distinction in the last war and after Eton and New College, Oxford, went into the Green Howards (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment). Sir William Worsley was all through the war with them and in the course of things was wounded and made prisoner. Lady Worsley is the only daughter of the late Sir John Fowler Brunner. Sir Robert Hutchison, who was created a baronet last year, has been President of the Royal College of Physicians since 1938. He took his M.D. at Edinburgh in 1896

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

a scene-shifter at the local theatre. Before 1914, apparently, circuses in Russia were as important to life as cinemas appear to be to-day. Every town seemed to have its own circus-ground. Circus life, and all it stood for, was certainly in young Nicolai's blood. At five years old he ran away from home to earn some money for his mother, lost himself in the town, but was befriended by a Russian officer, who took him to the officers' club, where he literally sang and danced and gagged for his supper. When he returned home he got a beating for his good intentions. But then, he was always getting beatings, because he was always running away either to join some travelling circus or to be taken in tow by the barrel-organ man and his monkey.

At last he became a permanent circus performer, joining, in a very humble capacity, the famous Truzi Circus. While the circus was performing in St. Petersburg, he decided to visit Moscow. Here, for some unexplained reason, he was arrested—child though he was. His imprisonment, the awful journey to Siberia—from which he subsequently only escaped as by a miracle—with the torture of mind and body which accompanied this imprisonment, are almost unbelievable in their cruelty did not one know that certain men thrive on cruelty to other men. When at last he was free and returned to circus life, war had broken out, and he served, a bewildered boy, in the 11th Siberian Infantry. Then the Revolution grabbed him in its clutches. His picture of the actual scene is a remarkable one of brief but vivid description. "Pandemonium broke loose. The Cossacks killed all their officers. The crowd went mad and tried to rush the bridge.

But from every house-top along the quays there came a rain of bullets, fired by policemen hidden there with machine-guns. Many people were killed and the bodies were tossed over into the river. A howling, impassioned mob streamed across the bridge and stormed the buildings. The revolution had begun."

He served with Kerensky's army; then found himself seized by the Reds, and finally he fought in the Latvian Army. Meanwhile he had married, had become the father of an ever-increasing family, and was for ever hankering after a return to



CUTTING THE CAKE: THE HEINEMANN-SULLIVAN WEDDING

The bride was formerly Miss Mollie Sullivan and is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. P. Sullivan, and the bridegroom is in the Royal Regiment and, like all the gunmen, on active service. The wedding was at Chelsea Old Church



THE LAST-WEEK WEDDING OF A FAMOUS PUBLISHER

Captain Hamish Hamilton and his bride, the former Countess Yvonne Pallavicino, leaving the Caxton Hall Register Office. Captain Hamish Hamilton has stroked two winning crews in the Grand at Henley as well as a British Olympic crew. The Countess Pallavicino, of the Palazzo del Grillo, Rome, is half-Scottish

circus life. When existence became a little calmer and he had made a little money, he and his wife decided they might venture upon a modest circus of their own. Thus the Coco Variety Circus was born. A terrible accident, however, ended all their hopes. While balancing a huge samovar, supported by a table, on his forehead, he caught it as it fell, according to custom. But it was an old samovar: as it fell it broke and he was almost scalded to death by boiling water. For a time his life was despaired of; then it seemed that if he lived he would be a cripple all his life. But eventually he did recover sufficiently to take up his profession again. He rejoined the circus and after some time received an offer to come to England. For a short time he returned to his native Russia, but, as he writes: "My mind was on England. Having lived there once, nothing would ever be the same again for me when I wasn't there. There are people in England who do not seem to realise what a wonderful place it is. Its cities, so big and clean. And the beautiful countryside. Life can be lived



MR. CHARLES WHEELER, A NEW R.A.

The sculptor of Ariel on the Bank of England was awarded for this the medal for the best work of 1937. His bronze figures for the Jellicoe fountain in Trafalgar Square were buried for safety in Regent's Park instead of being unveiled last October. Mr. Wheeler's new work is the model of "The New Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," which is to decorate the new Bank of England branch at Southampton, and he is seen at work on the model of his work

there freely, and there is no cause to be afraid. And that makes people kind. . . . It was so wonderful to be together again in the safest country in the world."

His troubles, however, were not ended. Mr. Bertram Mills died, and although his sons took over, September 1939 put *finis* to all circuses for a long time ahead. So we take leave of Coco the Clown who, after a hard and difficult life, full of suffering at times, starving on occasion, yet earning his livelihood by making people *laugh*, came to this: "Before long I was desperately looking for any kind of work. Soon my few savings had gone. . . . Any kind of work which would provide food and clothing for Valentina and my children. I became night porter at an hotel for twenty-five shillings a week. Then, for four weeks, I worked as a labourer, digging up roads and laying gas-pipes, for two pounds eleven shillings a week. . . . And now, as I end my book, Coco is back where he started. After years of seeing happy, expectant audiences queuing-up to see Coco the Clown, Coco himself has now joined the queue—the queue that waits at the Labour Exchange to draw the dole. I make no complaints of life. I have had a full one so far. . . . Perhaps a clown learns to be something of a philosopher. And a clown has many parts to play. Perhaps in my next part I shall become a soldier again, fighting in yet another uniform, under yet another flag, to repay the debt I owe to England for the happiness England has given me."

This, however, is only a brief outline of a very sad, very happy, always adventurous life which, incidentally, is most unusually well written. There are descriptions in this book which, brief though they are, are infinitely more vivid, more moving than anything I have read for a long time. Their simplicity, their sincerity, and their quite extraordinary completeness are truly remarkable. If Coco the Clown can write like this, another career should surely await him some time.



Mrs. Danvers (Margaret Rutherford) heads the servants at Manderley in attempting to haunt the second Mrs. de Winter (Celia Johnson) with the ghost of Rebecca, her dead predecessor. Here she offers to dress her new mistress for the Manderley midsummer-night fancy-dress ball in a costume that "hasn't been worn for fifty years"

**"REBECCA," AT THE QUEEN'S
SPECTRE OF A MURDERED WIFE HAUNTS
DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S MELODRAMA**



The period costume which Mrs. Danvers, the house-keeper, has persuaded Mrs. de Winter to wear is the same, she discovers too late, as was worn by the dead Rebecca at the last Manderley ball two years before



"There's your murderer for you." Jack Favell (Ronald Ward), cousin and lover of Rebecca, having failed to blackmail Maxim de Winter with evidence of the crime, points the finger of accusation at him in the presence of his wife, his estate manager, Frank Crawley (Raymond Huntley), and Colonel Julyan, Chief Constable of Cornwall (C. V. France)

(Right) "We can't lose each other now." The second Mrs. de Winter shows her love for Maxim by supporting him after he has confessed to her that he murdered Rebecca and that all may shortly be discovered. They must stand together to banish the dead woman's malign influence from Manderley and build there a new life for themselves





THE H.H.'S CHILDREN'S MEET ONE MORNING AS BALMY AS MAY

This tryst with which the pictures deal was at Herriard Park, near Basingstoke, by invitation of Major and Mrs. Francis Jervoise, the host being Lord of the Manors of Herriard, Lasham, Tunworth and Bulworth, and he was formerly a 9th Lancer. To dilate upon the beauties of the landscape seems a bit unnecessary. The only remark a cast-iron fox-hunter might make would be that it all looks a bit too much like those violets abhorred by John Jorrocks, M.F.H., and which heralded the end of the season



MOVING OFF TO THE FIRST DRAW



(ON LEFT) THE MASTER, COLONEL M. R. COURAGE,
AND HIS YOUNG FIELD

Colonel Courage carried on alone with the mastership of these hounds after the retirement of that great personality, Mr. George Evans, who had been Master of this pack since 1926 and was immensely popular with everyone in the country. He had a keen sense of humour and was steeped in hunting tradition

THE ESSEX HUNTER TRIALS—AND SOME HAPPENINGS



THE DISTINGUISHED GALLERY AT LEA HALL

And in the picture are Mr. Michael Cooper, Mrs. Bromley, Mrs. Noel, Mrs. Spencer Davies, Mrs. Susan Noel, Miss G. Waters, Sir Digby Warren, formerly 7th Hussars, Miss Bailey, Lord and Lady Fingall, and Mr. R. Black, "Litigant's" pilot in this year's National



THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN

And even to the best of us and with quite as unpleasant results as those to the Hon. Mrs. Farrer, who rode her own horse, "Faber," in the Novice Class at this excellent and entertaining show at which so much riding talent was present. When a horse suddenly turns it up as "Faber" did, even a centaur might come unshipped. The fall, luckily, was quite harmless—merely rather damping and unpleasant



SIR DIGBY WARREN AND LORD FINGALL IN THE PAIRS CLASS

No news as to whether they won it or not, but they deserved to, as all four of them are doing the right thing at the right moment. Lord Fingall, very famous G.R., used to be a 17th Lancer



No names of present units in which any of the officers in these pictures are serving are permitted, but many of them were first-class horse soldiers before all the cavalry were put on wheels. There was also (see top picture) one of the brave who rode in this year's Grand National. Mr. Black rode Major Noel Furlong's "Litigant," who was amongst the unplaced division

SUMMER SUBSTITUTES

NOWADAYS, when so few of us can even afford new bicycle tyres, summer is going to be a bit of a problem. What is the alternative to the South of France—the Scottish holiday? What is to be done about the gardener's day in London for the Flower Show (he does love it so); taking Aunt Agnes to

made from genuine heather two feet high. By the time you and your friends have tramped up and down this several times (you can get the effect of hills by laying it over the garden roller and other local protuberances), you will find you have just the same glorious leg-weariness that is so satisfying to the Grouse Moor Fan.

By MARY DUNN

the garden, and a large tea given to yours and the children's friends. For this, we have a selection of gramophone records of clapping, shouts of "Well bowled, sir," etc., which are so effective that the entire party are certain to keep dashing out of the tent, demanding news, thus causing many spilt strawberry messes down new frocks, wolfed ices, and other delights of the famous match. We can also hire you out an authentic piece of Lord's wicket for your older friends to shake their heads over.

ACADEMY. Buy a catalogue, learn the names of the pictures, then go everywhere and say they're all frightful.

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. As the main point of this function is for you to keep abreast of the fashion in County Flora, and to make sure that Sonia Marble and that loathsome Hermione Gore-Blimpton didn't get the new *Lilia crufteana* before you did, you will achieve your object equally by letting us guard your interests. For 10s. 6d., plus the names of your best friends, we will undertake to put every obstacle in their way, if they or their gardeners attend any show, to prevent them getting hold of any plant which might give their garden a base advantage over yours.

SOUTH OF FRANCE. This, we admit, is more difficult. You can try dressing your husband in a blue overall and handing him suitcases from a high window, but it is doubtful if it will really give you the illusion of Cannes Station. If your object in going abroad is a snobbish one, we have an excellent choice of postcards from foreign resorts, which you can write yourself, marking with a cross any window you fancy, and we will post them from the correct places. If an amorous one, then try sitting in a deck-chair, a cushion beside you, and telling it that it is the most beautiful girl in the world. If at the end of half-an-hour the cushion looks up and smiles, it will mean you are not quite well and must lie down for a bit. If you have a conservatory, proceed as follows: remove all plants and lay down sand. Invite sufficient friends to fill conservatory, *when standing erect*. Dress friends in smart beach-wear and lay them flat. The result will be indistinguishable from La Garouplage in August.



"The result will be indistinguishable from La Garouplage in August"

Wimbledon (she expects it); the new frock for Pamela for Henley (she's only young once)? Echo answers "What?"

In solution of these problems, I have opened, under the name of Summer Substitute Service, a bureau for advising clients how best to achieve the same results for the minimum expenditure. Here are a few typical suggestions.

SCOTTISH HOLIDAY. As everyone knows, anticipation is half of pleasure; especially in taking a house in Scotland, where one so often discovers sport to be poor, horseflies loathsome, and housekeeping a nightmare. But the fun of going over the house-agents' lists (only equalled by a wine catalogue) is acknowledged by all to be a real thrill.

We will arrange this for you. You will have many happy hours comparing Drambuie Lodge, reached by rail to Dungaig and thirty-four miles' drive, no water supply, one small shed for car, two bedrooms in annexe (over cowshed), but has capital rough shooting and plentiful brown trout in the loch, with Ardfellan House (train to Inverness and steamer to Inverfaribruichladdich pier), which has every modern convenience, but last year's game-book registered: Grse, 1; B. Gme., 1; Snpe., 2; Ptgn., 0; Brn. Trout, 2; Salmn., 0. Having had the fun of discussing all this, you let the whole thing slip, thus saving you many tiresome letters, and towards August 12 you will be exhilarated by the arrival of our Home Portable Grouse Moor, complete with folding butt and strip of matting

THE OPERA. The chief reasons for patronising the opera season are (1) to be seen there; and (2) to wear your best clothes. Send us your name and booking fee of £1 1s., and we will arrange that your appearance is reported at all the smartest performances. For the rest, put on your lowest evening frock, plus tiara, sit for five hours in almost total darkness, and tell yourself afterwards that you have been to *Götterdämmerung*. You will by then be so tired that you will believe anything.

WIMBLEDON TOURNAMENT. What is the impression you are left with after a day at the Centre Court? Surely a blinding headache and an almost dislocated neck from watching the play? We will achieve both these features for you at a trifling cost by sending to your house our automatic head-vice, which can turn the head at the speed of men's doubles, together with our famous electric sun-glare lamp, guaranteed to produce a severe headache within twenty minutes.

ETON AND HARROW. It is wonderful what effect can be got with a trestle table erected in a tent in



"Try sitting in a deck-chair, a cushion beside you, and telling it that it is the most beautiful girl in the world"



Since the outbreak of the Second German War only the two top floors of Admiralty House are being used by the Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, all the rest being devoted to offices for departments of the great sea service, at whose head Mr. Winston Churchill is for the second time in the course of his brilliant and very vivid political career. The Empire thanks its lucky stars that this is so. Mrs. Winston Churchill is a daughter of the late Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier and Lady Blanche Ogilvy, who was a daughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie. She is seen in one of the few rooms which are in occupation!

ADMIRALTY
HOUSE'S
CHARMING
CHÂTELAINE

Some Intimate
Pictures
of the Wife of
the First Lord



"UP AND DOING"
AT THE SAVILLE



MAESTRO. Leslie Henson has a tussle with Rachmaninoff's all-too-famous prelude, simultaneously raising gales of laughter with his gestures and giving a remarkably accurate performance of a technically very complicated piece of music



ENGLISH VERSION of a naughty Parisian farce is a pretty tame affair after the Censor has done with it; even when Sylvia Leslie, Cyril Ritchard, Binnie Hale and Leslie Henson are in the cast



"SEASIDE ATTRACTIONS," with Cyril Ritchard and Binnie Hale, gives in flickering black and white a peep at those "terrible" moving pictures which used to be worth a penny of anybody's money who had the strength to turn a handle on the piers of England. The scene is a particularly happy specimen of Michael Relph's consistently brilliant *décor*



SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE of district and personnel supplied by Cyril Ritchard and Leslie Henson from a box comes near to disorganising Stanley Holloway's rendering of "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God"



ORIGINAL VERSION of the farce which is so watered down on the left turns to a pretty joke when the same cast lock the theatre doors and go to town, the town being Paris. Enid Lowe takes Sylvia Leslie's place



A KERRY COURTING is one of the more sentimental episodes, though the value of cows as dowry gives an Irish practical atmosphere to the romance. Patricia Burke and Graham Payn are the lovers

A safe bet for wartime popularity is Firth Shephard's *Up and Doing*, at the Saville. And that does not mean that it needs a war and its lowered standards of revue discrimination to make a success of it. "Fish-face" Leslie Henson (whose expression is exquisitely perpetuated in the night-club *décor* that provides the finale of Part I.) is producer and star, which is in itself guarantee of a thoroughly finished piece of work. And his team in no way let him down. Binnie Hale is as lively and lovely as ever in a variety of rôles, and very wicked indeed in her impersonations of Evelyn Laye and Frances Day; Stanley Holloway has a new "Albert" story, dealing with evacuation, which, if not right up to the standard of some of its predecessors, has some uproariously funny lines; Cyril Ritchard is uniformly



TORCH SINGER Gloria Gangrene is a startling caricature of the breed by Cyril Ritchard in "Chez Henson," a night-club *pot-pourri* of impersonations presided over by compère Leslie in a sea-bed *boute* whose guest artistes are at times almost too much themselves in the persons of their impersonators

(Right)

FLANAGAN AND ALLEN of Crazy Gang fame, are among the guest artistes who turn up, disguised as Leslie Henson and Stanley Holloway, at "Chez Henson" in the finale of the first part of *Up and Doing*

entertaining, whether as a Whitehall warrior, a strip-tease dancer (the only one in the show, which doesn't need them) or a French father; Patricia Burke casts her charm on the more sentimental element of revue; and, by no means least, the chorus is impeccably good-looking and impeccably trained. Other major virtues are the slickness with which the show runs through and the skill with which it is mounted, admirable *décor* and costumes being the work of Michael Ralp and William Chappell (of Sadler's Wells fame) respectively



(Right)

FAN DANCING is a branch of modern art neglected on the whole by *Up and Doing*, which ups and does very nicely without, thank you. But "Chez Henson" has its fan dancers as every good night-club must, and though Binnie Hale and Cyril Ritchard seem not altogether cut out for that particular racket, they bring the house down with their burlesque attempts



TROUBADOURS and such-like trappings of the Middle Ages are the setting of a charming straight song by Binnie Hale called "Falling in Love With Love." Binnie, rather unexpectedly, appears as châtelaine of a baronial hall



“NEW FACES”

AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT

there be new ideas? Or will it be just another revue blending swing with sentiment, flimflam with hullabaloo, songs of their fathers with new songs featuring the uniformed Women of England, fun in bed with imitations of film-folk, *ersatz* ballet with small sketches worked up to slick last lines?

Well, these three little sketches they're now doing dangle from slick last lines; and while this Bill Fraser has a nice line in ingenuous chat, it's the old compère-stuff. But oy!—this next item, “The Roaring Twenties,” is new and pungent. It helps the whirligig of Time to bring in his revenges: here is the so absurd youth of the 1920's, which never tired of caricaturing the so absurd Victorians, caricatured in turn with its Oxford bags for joyboys, its cropped he-girls in knee-lengths, its yahooey and Black Bottom and Horsey Keep Your Tail Up (the Prince's favourite dance-tune, my dear).

And the next, in which Bill Fraser and young Charles Hawtrey show how the geniuses of Tin Pan Alley knock up those “Mother o' Mine” songs, is very funny indeed. Here is a pleasant bit of pathos from Betty Ann Davies and partner. And here is the same clever artist chanting ripely in character as a blonde floozie from the pages of *Esquire*, after a lovely blonde called Hazel Jennings has done likewise as a girlie from the tepid pages of *Punch*. The new young, in fact, seem to rise above the average in good looks: consider this beautiful creature, Judy Campbell, sweet-voiced as the Berkeley Square nightingale of which she sings. They will have their Beatrice Lillies too: look at that zip-fastened Russian Natasha, doing the spy opposite a German Helmuth; but no—it's a boy, Charles Hawtrey, the only female impersonator who doesn't make me feel mildly sick. Then, a plaintive comic trio of neutral Swiss: they cannot milk the English now, they have to milk their cows. Then Mr. Fraser again, with a monologue on a herbalist, which rivals the recitations of Stanley Holloway. And then the Entire Company, swinging three lyrics by William Shakespeare; which seems pretty awful as an idea, but in effect isn't as here done with simple verve and disciplined ebullience.

Thus the first and better half of *New Faces*. It is so lively, gay and vigorous that the impetus easily carries enjoyment through a part two containing items less fresh: a uniformed Women of England effort; a trite “C'est l'Amour” number; buzz-buzz about first-nighters; and alas, an *ersatz* ballet that begins a long way after Massine's *Choreartium* and ends some way behind the angular sur-realism of Salvador Dali. But there are more bright spots in compensation: a heart-throb admirably done by the beautiful Judy Campbell; a witty piece about the war of inaction; and the revoltingly comic scene between Bill Fraser's amorous bachelor and an appalling little Elsie by Betty Ann Davies.

Here, in sum, is a revue better than most that benefit from box-office names; an entertainment which is hardly rich in



SPY-STUFF AND
FEMALE IMPERSONA-
TION: JOHN BENTLEY,
CHARLES HAWTREY

“COME and see the Stars of 1950,” the management cleverly invites. Who would not desire a whiff of new youth in that (it can be hoped) world at peace? “New faces, new songs, new voices, new people,” they trill in introduction. The faces are mostly charming, the voices have a firm young ring. But will



A FAIRY OF SORTS: BETTY ANN DAVIES



CONCERNING A NIGHTINGALE: JUDY CAMPBELL

original matter, but has much charm and talent in its manner. Armageddon permitting, any or all of those mentioned above may get electric lights down Shaftesbury Avenue long before the 1940's pass.



A NICE LINE
IN INGENUOUS
CHAT: BILL
FRASER

My Goodness — My GUINNESS





“HOMAGE TO

BY W. R. W.



O DEMETER"

SARAH FLINT

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"MEL"
VISITS
A NORTH
COUNTRY
CLUB

The Union Club of Blackburn, a selection of whose members "Mel" has depicted here, is a nonagenarian institution in such good health as to look forward confidently to its approaching centenary. The first meeting was held in 1850, the chairman being Mr. Hornby, later Sir Harry Hornby, and M.P. for Blackburn for over twenty years. Sir Harry's son, Sir Henry Hornby, is one of the seventy-five people now members. They are mostly Blackburn business and professional men, but include also the Archdeacon of Lancaster, and the Provost of Blackburn Cathedral, the Very Reverend William Kay, who started the last war as a Grenadier Guardsman and finished it in command of the Manchester Regiment with a D.S.O. and an M.C. with two bars



SOME MEMBERS OF THE UNION CLUB, BLACKBURN: By "MEL"

LORD AND LADY JERSEY:
A
PICTORIAL RECORD
OF A
RECENT WEEK-END
AT
HISTORIC OSTERLEY



Lord Jersey was home on short leave from a certain theatre of war when these most attractive pictures were taken at Osterley, the historic family abode, which lies not far from an airport. Lady Jersey is the former Miss Virginia Cherrill, the well-known film actress, and was married in 1937. Osterley, which is one of this land's show-places, was involved in the Battle of Hounslow Heath, watched by Charles I. from the adjoining grounds of Boston House, Brentford. In Edward I.'s time the wheat-fields of Heston provided bread for the royal tables. Osterley Park (though not the house) is being reopened to the public at week-ends from this month onwards



FRONT VIEW OF OSTERLEY PARK, WITH ITS OWNERS



LORD AND LADY JERSEY ON THE STEPS



AND BY THE OSTERLEY LAKE

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

Smokin' me pipe in the mornin' up in the mountains cool,
Me in me old brown gaiters along o' me old brown mule!

"**I**T was learned that the British forces are making full use of officers who have had experience of mountain warfare on the North-West Frontier of India. The conditions, climatically, are different, but in many respects the Norwegian operations are similar to those to which these officers have been accustomed. Already their experience has been of the greatest value." Some people who know would have liked to hear that, in addition, they had at least a couple of brigades of mountain guns from that same rugged spot. The M.B.R.A. would be in their element in the Gudbrandsdal and Osterdal defiles!

MOUNTAIN guns: mountain warriors! Jingling their way up to places that look as if they would cramp the style of the nimblest fly—and bang, bang bang in action, from No. 1 to No. 6, before you have hardly had time to realise that they have gone! It is the M.B.R.A. they call 'em, and they are just that: as quick up a hill as, let us say, a Gurkha regiment or the Pathan companies of a crack

Frontier mob, who will lose any other

troops at that game, and arrive at the top so little blown that they could whistle a tune,

and whether it is the rifle or the steel, fit and ready to use them. You and I, till we get used to the altitude, get stopped dead in our tracks every ten yards—caught in the wind, even if our legs have not also struck work.



LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING WEDDING

The contracting parties, as the lawyers say, were Miss Bridget Cavanagh, daughter of the hard-riding secretary of the Cottesmore, Major Cavanagh, who is standing just behind the bride, and Captain Wesley Watson, who is in a famous Cavalry regiment and Adjutant of a Yeomanry unit; and the wedding was at Withcote Hall Church, Oakham, the Hall being where Major Cavanagh lives

and ammunition on the ones next astern in due order! Little toy screw-guns, sez you? But what little champions in the kind of country in which they are intended to operate! Not so toy as you might think, neither; but little hell-fire devils at their own job. I doubt whether Norway has any country to show them that would stop them. They have nothing there that can be quite as bad as some of what are, facetiously as I think, called the foot-hills of the Himalayas, or, to take a rather extreme case, the shark's-tooth passes into Tibet, over which "Kucha" and his friends went without flicking a feather off themselves. Someone kindly remind me, but wasn't that Siboo-la pass something like one-in-one-and-a-half for, at any rate, about five miles? And the Jelap and the Gnathu-la passes, though not quite so fierce, but not exactly babies—and both topped 14,000 feet? So I wonder how the Gudbrandsdal and Co. would compare. And they hit very hard, these "toy" guns at their pet ranges. Bursting the shrapnel nice and low over the *sangars* (stone-faced field-works—cunningly built by the *dusmān*), or knocking the guts out of the stone towers with common, fair playing the cat and banjo with a very gallant and stubborn foeman fighting on his native heath, in a manner of speaking, that same being mostly khaki-coloured hot



O'Brien
POINT-TO-POINT AT LISMORE,
CO. WATERFORD

In the picture Mr. R. B. Keane, Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart, Joint-Master of the West Waterford, and Lord Charles Cavendish, the two latter having acted as judges. They had an easy time, as there were no close finishes

rocks. The "gangsters" who have come home from those parts in recent years tell me that the "Paythan" man is scornful of aircraft, but that the guns are still "pison" to him. As to aircraft in hill-fighting, I have no knowledge. There were none in them parts till one Jullerot brought a brace out and was allowed to demonstrate them on manœuvres about 1908, I think—but that was a long while ago. But the screw-guns . . . !

Smokin' me pipe in the mornin'
up in the mountains cool,
Me in me old brown gaiters
along o' me old brown mule!

A distinguished messmate of the late Captain Warburton-Lee, who led the first attack on Narvik in H.M.S. *Hardy*, sends me the following, which will be of interest to anyone in the Navy who plays polo and also to all who knew him, in and out of the Senior Service—

Poor Warburton-Lee was a great friend of mine and was regarded by all his contemporaries as the coming man—C.-in-C. and First Sea Lord in due course. A brilliant games player, he excelled at all and had a local polo handicap of 6 in Malta (mine was 8, so subtract 3 to get the Hurlingham). He won eleven cups and twice played for the Navy when they beat the Army in the Army v. Navy match in Malta.

Polo in Malta or anywhere else seems a bit far away from us all at this moment, but maybe it is not quite so far as all that!

(Continued on page x.)



WELL-KNOWN AT CANNES

A sunny picture which makes England envious. The key is: (l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. Terence Gossage, son of Air Marshal E. L. Gossage, Lady Ironside, wife of the C.I.G.S., and Edmund, their only son



LADIES AT WYECLIFF

The Hon. Mrs. Oscar Guest, aunt of Lord Wimborne, was watching Mrs. Richard Law casting in the Wye. The husbands of both of these ladies are M.P.s., the Hon. Oscar Guest for Camberwell, and Mr. Richard Law, son of the famous Bonar Law and one of the most prominent young Conservatives in the House, for Kingston-upon-Hull

TIGHT LINES! ON TWEED AND WYE



BORDER FISHERMAN

Big fish are to be found among the romantic surroundings of swift-flowing Tweed, and Captain J. C. Collingwood, Squire of Cornhill, is evidently out after them. This picture was taken on the stretch below Coldstream, which is near his Northumberland home



YEOMEN GUESTS

Two of Lord Milford's guests at Llanstephan for the Wye fishing who are in Yeomanry units were Mr. Hoare (Leicestershire) and Captain G. G. Ley (Duke of Lancaster's). Captain Ley, whose wife is on the right of this picture, is the eldest son and heir of Sir Henry Gordon Ley, a former Master of the Tedworth and later Hursley



Truman Howell

ON THE WYE AT LLANSTEPHAN
Miss G. Brodrick and Captain and Mrs. G. Gillilan were also guests of Lord Milford. Captain Gillilan is in the Leicestershire Yeomanry and is a son of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Gibson Gillilan

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—How much easier it is to write about the spring when snow is on the ground and one is snugly frowsting by the fire behind drawn curtains! With the sun pouring in through the open windows and the birds twittering in my Paris garden, my overwhelming desire is to throw pen, ink and paper into the waste-paper basket, give the typewriter to the concierge's brat to play with, and start off for a bareheaded hike any-old-where so long as it's green . . . and Paris is so green just now. The famous

there is a little matter of transport to be considered.

BUT Holland has sent her annual offering of tulips, and the Paris parks and squares are as gorgeous as a war hero's left breast. Even Verlaine's glowering, Satanic head, emerging, as from a chimney-stack, from a particularly hideous pedestal in the Luxembourg gardens, scowls down upon a *parterre* of primulas and pansies (and I'm not thinking of Rimbaud), while Massenet and his Manon are almost hidden by the spreading thicket of a hawthorn bush that badly needs the gardener's attention.

And yet it is not the rebirth of the earth, or the gay little hats of the Parisiennes that are to be seen at the races, or the light-coloured frocks—every day in every way they are growing shorter and shorter—that one meets at the Ritz or round the outside tables at Fouquet's during the *apéritif* hour, that really announce that spring has come to Paris. The feeling is far more intangible and can be created by any of the above familiar phenomena of springtide.

Women are wearing smiles on their lips, even though pain shadows their eyes. The anguish of anxiety is better borne than the stagnation we have known. Paris is alive to the new spirit that has come with the spring and, believing that the waiting days are over, feels that "nothing will stop the Allies now!"

MEANWHILE, since we must have *le mot pour rire*, whatever comes, the new slogan on likkerless days is: "Ale to the Spring!" It is amazing how easily we adapt ourselves to the small restrictions that a wise and far-seeing Government imposes upon us. The three consecutive days each week during which the sale of butcher's meat is forbidden have been easily accepted. Most of us

have gone plain vegetarian, but a few lusty eaters have transformed their balconies into chicken-runs and have installed rabbit-hutches in the spare bedroom. I'm all for the green stuff, potatoes and deep-sea fruit myself. . . . I'd hate to meet, on my plate, anything with which I had been personally acquainted when it was in the shape of livestock.

OPTIMISM reigns. Paris theatres, which usually have a way of closing down with the first fine days when their *clientèle* prefers to find amusement elsewhere, have suddenly decided to produce for all they are worth. The critics are looking forward (?) to a heavy time next week after a long period of early-to-bedness. Poo, 'poo' critics! They do so resent the fact that most of the

theatres have returned to pre-war hours and often finish as late as midnight, thus making the going-and-coming a bit of a problem. The police *commissaire* of every *arrondissement* is the bloke who decides, in this town, just how much—or, rather, how little—petrol an owner-driver may have per month. Apparently these good people refuse to consider dramatic criticism as being a reg'lar job o' work. Need I say more?

This week saw the transfer of Jean Cocteau's *Monstres Sacrés* from the tiny Théâtre Michel to the much larger Bouffes Parisiens. Seems-like the bigger the theatre the bigger the bill. Anyway, to the somewhat short "Monsters" Cocteau has added a curtain-raiser that serves to bring Edith Piaf from her cabaret to the legitimate stage.

This clever, strange, somewhat warped-looking little creature is a real trouper. Her papa was an acrobat, her mama an itinerant singer. Taking after papa, she has performed in the circus and in the open market-places of country towns. She has played children's parts with barnstormers and, like mama, has sung in the streets. If all this doesn't make good training for the stage, what does? It is more difficult to hold a lowbrow, cabaret audience with a short song-number than it is to slowly woo the highbrows in an act that lasts twenty minutes. Even Cocteau will hardly contradict this.

PRISCILLA.



"L'EPERVIER," AT THE EMBASSY

Natalie Paley, Pierre-Richard Willm and Charles Boyer in this "bird of prey" picture, which probably most people who are Charles Boyer fans have already been to see at our Embassy Cinema in Tottenham Court Road. Charles Boyer plays the part of a Hungarian Count who loves his wife (played by Natalie Paley) and cheats at cards because she has such a fondness for pearl necklaces which must be bought, whatever the state of his banking account. René de Tierrache (Pierre-Richard Willm) is one of his pigeons and is, incidentally, *épris* with the lovely Countess

marronier du 20 mars failed to oblige this year after an exceptionally hard winter, but it has made up for lost time since. The few scrawny leaves and blossoms that, if one may believe the tradition, appear here and there on the bare branches in March are now replaced by thick foliage, and the uniquely lovely avenue of red-blossoming chestnut-trees that border the Bois, on the south-western side of Longchamp, will be in full bloom by the time this reaches you. Every fortress round Paris, every barrack-yard, has its garden plot tricked out with a daisy or two, and the window-boxes of the hospitals show stiff rows of dwarf irises. Perhaps the flower market on the Quai des Fleurs is not so flourishing as it might be, but that is because "the men are away," the flower gardens are growing salads, and



Star Press

JANINE DARCY, WHO IS IN THE BAIRNSFATHER "OLD BILL AND SON" FILM

One of the cleverest and prettiest of France's young brigade on the silver screen. She plays the part of Francoise, daughter of Old Bill's French "buddy," Gustave, and is the charmer who enmeshes Young Bill's affections. Janine was one of the stars in the French version of *French Without Tears*, in which she also had a big success



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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Strange but True.

QUEER things happen in war. Some of the queer things I have noticed in the Royal Air Force recently lead me to fear that the cynic was right who said that the war was bound to last for at least three years, for it would take that time to dislodge the professional politicians and get the ordinary working civilians in charge of affairs. One understands, for instance, how it may come about that a man who distinguished himself in Service flying in the war of 1914-18 and attained high rank, should return now to the Royal Air Force with exceedingly low rank if he has not in the interim been in touch with aviation. But what can one say when a person like Colonel Louis Strange is given the rank of Pilot Officer?

Louis Strange learnt to fly in 1913. He won almost every decoration for bravery and efficiency in the field that one can win: namely, the D.S.O., the M.C., and the D.F.C. In civilian life he has been constantly in the closest touch with aviation, not only as a pilot, but also as a director of aircraft companies and a manager of aerodromes. If there is anybody in the Royal Air Force to-day with a complete and comprehensive knowledge and experience of aviation in peace and war, that man is Louis Strange. Yet he is a Pilot Officer.

Equity.

NOW if it happened that a rigid rule had been made, and that everybody going back to the Service or being entered at the present time were bound to go back as a Pilot Officer, nothing might be said. If the case I have mentioned were the only one in which a distinguished officer of high rank and vast aeronautical experience had been put back at the lowest possible rank, nothing might be said. But there is no such rule and this is by no means the only case.

Some utterly inexperienced people have suddenly jumped into the Royal Air Force with high rank. Many with negligible experience have reached Air rank. In many of them there are no signs—as there is no proof—of dazzling natural ability.

What on earth is the matter with the treatment those who wish to go back to the Royal Air Force are receiving? I get asked this question almost every day. The number of cases that are brought to me in which there seems to be a deliberate attempt

to shut down on the experienced man and to jump up the inexperienced is legion. Like Mr. Walker, I want to know; and I think that quite soon the country at large will be wanting to know. When a man like Louis Strange is seen wearing the hair-line of the Pilot Officer, there is, of course, incredulous laughter. For everybody

Vice-Chiefs.

WHILE I am grousing, I may as well have a good grouse. I don't like this Vice-Chief of Air Staff business. In military operations of whatever kind, compromise and division of responsibility are fatal. Yet surely the appointment of Vice-Chiefs of Staff points that way. It all tends

to confirm the marvellous description of the British High Command which was given me the other day by a friend. He said it was in a condition of "organised chaos." The direction of so many British enterprises of the first magnitude is entrusted to bodies in a state of "organised chaos"; however, that perhaps it is not such a bad state after all.

Now here's another grouse, and I promise to be cheerful, whatever the news, for at least a month to come to make amends! I have mentioned the officers in the Royal Air Force who, rich in experience and of proven ability, are kept from undertaking responsible work. In some ways it looks as if there are parallel cases in the industry.

For instance, if you ask what aeroplane has had the most emergency calls since the war, the answer would probably be the Gloster "Gladiator."

If you ask what was the most successful British aeroplane of 1914-18, the answer would probably be the "S.E.5a." Yet if you ask whether the man who designed these two brilliantly successful machines, as well as a host of others, all of outstanding merit, is being used to design to-day, the answer is no.

It seems incredible that one of the world's foremost designers should be available in this country at the present time without his services as a designer being used. Yet it is true.

Transport.

ONE final grouse and then the promised month's respite! Before the war, the suggestion was made by many people that we in this country should develop parachute troops. But we were told that the War Office did not think much of the idea. We were also told that the transport of troops by aeroplane was a futile business, because no large numbers could ever be carried that way. I wonder what the view is now about these things? The fact is that the tendency on the part of those in the Services to look with suspicion on activities which are not in the direct run of their experience is a grave danger. Military success does not go with those who are afraid of trying new things.



AN R.A.F. DISCIPLINARY COURSE

The officers pictured above are members of a Disciplinary Course, together with some of the staff of an R.A.F. station. O.C. the station is Wing-Commander F. C. Sherriff, O.B.E., M.C. The full tally of names is: (from l. to r.; back row) P/Os R. B. Sanderson, T. H. Pitkethly, E. Bentley, E. W. Stewart, K. McKenzie, F/O. J. F. Mellor; (middle row) P/Os F. Lupton, M.C., C. Wadden, R. H. Mais, H. R. Wright, A. D. Fyfe, M. R. Hill, F/O. W. L. Thomas, P/O. A. R. Browne; (front row) Flt-Lieuts. F. R. Britton, D. J. Hughes-Morgan, Sqd-Leader T. J. West, M.C., Wing-Com. F. C. Sherriff, O.B.E., M.C., P/O. H. A. Chippendale, M.C., Flt-Lieuts. J. B. Palmer, A. Beveridge

in aviation recognises his worth. But is it really quite so funny when the country is desperately in need of all the ability it can produce?



Pearl Freeman

TO MARRY IN CAPE TOWN
Flight-Lieut. Herbert Arthur Hornblow and Miss Lucia le Sueur Corder, whose engagement was announced in London last month, are now on their way to South Africa, home of Miss Corder's mother, Mrs. Barbara Corder, of Feeringbury, Grahamstown. They will be married shortly in Cape Town. Flight-Lieut. Hornblow, whose father ran the *Theatre Magazine* in New York for twenty years, is the brother of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Hollywood film producer and husband of Myrna Loy, star of *Another Thin Man*



4 Outstanding Advantages of Ovaltine Sleep

THE outstanding qualities which have made 'Ovaltine' pre-eminent throughout the world as a bedtime beverage are of particular importance to you now. Under the strain of present-day conditions it is essential that you should always enjoy the advantages of 'Ovaltine' sleep, which is *sleep of the right kind*.

Although 'Ovaltine' is entirely free from drugs, it has the special property of quickly inducing sleep. And while you sleep it provides restorative and revitalising nourishment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. The result is that you awake from your 'Ovaltine' sleep full of energy, and with a cheerful and confident outlook.

Remember, too, that in these days of food rationing you should also drink 'Ovaltine' at mealtimes. For 'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a perfect food which will make every meal complete in health-giving nourishment.

'Ovaltine' provides the concentrated nutriment extracted from Nature's best foods. It contains, in scientifically correct proportions, the carbohydrates, proteins, calcium, mineral salts and other nutritive elements essential to health. Its vitamin content is also outstanding.

For all these reasons, you should always insist on 'Ovaltine.' It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding large quantities of other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine,' which is sold at the lowest price consistent with the quality and benefits it provides.

'Ovaltine' results are obtained only from 'Ovaltine'

*Drink delicious OVALTINE
—and note the difference in your Nerve-strength and Outlook*

1 Ovaltine Sleep is more Restful

A series of scientific tests conducted over a long period showed that 'Ovaltine' alone, taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being 'better rested' in the morning.

2 Ovaltine Sleep restores the Nerves

The exceptional nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine'—largely derived from the new-laid eggs liberally used in its manufacture—restore the whole nervous system while you sleep. No tonic food beverage could be complete without eggs.

3 Ovaltine Sleep re-creates Energy

'Ovaltine' provides in easily assimilable form the most valuable energy-creating food elements, which give you zest and vigour for the work of the new day.

4 Ovaltine Sleep builds-up Health

Prepared from Nature's most perfect foods, 'Ovaltine' supplies the vitamins and essential food elements needed to maintain robust health.



DEANNA DURBIN IN HER NEW FILM, "IT'S A DATE," WITH LEWIS HOWARD

Specially written for the pretty little singing star by the crack scenarist, Norman Krasna, the picture made its bow to London at the Leicester Square Theatre on May 3. It is a gay little story of how Deanna cuts her own mother out in a contest for the star rôle in a Broadway production. Walter Pidgeon, Deanna's newest leading man, supplies the romantic incident. She thinks he has proposed to her, when he has done nothing of the kind and is really more attracted by her mother (Kay Francis)

A WELSH regimental choir was singing outside the officers' mess after dinner. The colonel, sitting over his port, called the unmusical sergeant-major.

"Go," he said, "and tell the choir to sing 'Sweet and Low.'"

The sergeant-major went out and bawled to the leader: "If you blokes can't make less noise the colonel says you're to clear off!"

* * *

THE camp entertainment was in progress, and a melodrama was being played by members of the battalion. The heroine had at last awakened to the fact that the villain's intentions were far from honourable.

"Stand back, or by Heaven——!" she cried in ringing tones, suspiciously like those of the sergeant-major. "Friendless and poor though I be, I am determined to sell my honour dearly!"

"Profiteer!" came a voice from the audience.

* * *

THIS is one of the many tales told about the famous Mark Twain: one day he arrived in a Canadian hotel, and, glancing over the register, took note of the signature of the last arrival—"Baron ——— and valet."

Twain signed, and when the clerk looked at the register this met his eye—"Mark Twain and valise."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

PRIVATE JONES was grumbling about the five very fat pieces of meat on his plate compared with the one very tiny piece of juicy lean meat, when in walked the orderly officer.

"Any complaints?" he asked.

"Yes, sir: this meat is all fat," said Private Jones.

The officer picked up a fork, deftly pinned the one juicy piece of lean, and ate it.

"Tastes quite good to me," he said, and walked off amid the laughter of the company, except, of course, Private Jones.

* * *

THREE managers of chicken farms in Germany were being questioned by a Gestapo man. "What do you feed your chickens on?" the first was asked.

"Corn."

"You are under arrest! We use corn to feed people!"

The second overheard this conversation, and tried to play safe.

"What do you feed your chickens?" came the question.

"Corn husks."

"You are under arrest! We use the husks to make cloth. And you?" he asked, turning to the third man.

"I give my chickens the money and tell them to go and buy their own food."

* * *

THE local train was just being shunted into the siding after its last run for the night. Suddenly an Army officer appeared.

"Get that train ready to take a party of troops at once," he commanded.

"Where to, sir?" asked the stationmaster.

"Official secret!" snapped the officer. "I can't tell you, of course."

"Then, sir, perhaps you can tell me to which end of the train I must attach the officially uninformed engine?"

* * *

HE dashed up to the bar and called: "Gimme a double, quick, before the trouble starts!"

The barman did, and he drank it.

"Gimme another double before the trouble starts."

The barman, somewhat bothered, did, and asked: "Before what trouble starts?"

The reply came sadly: "It's started now. I ain't got any money."

"MUMMY!" called the small son of the house, as he came in from the front garden. "There's a man who wants to see you."

"Ask who he is," his mother replied from inside the house.

A few seconds later the little boy dashed inside, his eyes wide open with fright.

"Mummy," he whispered in tones of awe, "he looks just like a man, but he says he's an insanitary spectre."

* * *

AT the end of the first week away from home on a new job the young husband wrote to his wife: "Made foreman—feather in my cap."

After the second week he wrote: "Made manager—another feather in my cap."

But after the third week he wired: "Sacked—send money."

His wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers. Fly home."

* * *

THE slightly inebriated young man entered a ten-story building. He walked into an elevator crowded with five other passengers.

The operator closed the door.

"Floors, please," he asked.

"Three!" cried one passenger.

"Nine!" cried another.

"Six," said a third.

"Four," came a request.

"Ten," said another.

The operator turned to the drunk.

"What floor do you want, sir?"

The inebriated one shrugged his shoulders.

"That all depends," he murmured.

"What's left?"



BING CROSBY AND JUDITH BARRETT IN "THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

This film is due at the Plaza on the 10th and has already had a success on the other side of the Atlantic. Bing plays the part of one of those young men who have foresworn matrimony and Judith that of the lady who helps to make him alter his ideas



"A-B-C" DRESSES FOR SUMMER.

*Simple as a-b-c and as fundamental in the wardrobe
of the woman who keeps an eye on economy.*

A. Novel washing material makes this tailored Morning Frock with its contrasting belt and buttons. Colours: blue, green, turquoise, mauve and pink. Hip sizes 38 to 43. **73/6**

B. The charm of check gingham is illustrated in this pretty and young Frock. Petersham ribbon makes the belt and neck bow. Hip sizes 38 and 40. **49/6**

C. Bright prints on a white background make this washing Frock with its stitched gored skirt gay and attractive. Hip sizes 38 to 43. **45/-**

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Inexpensive Gowns, First Floor.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.I.**

WRONG NUMBER

By CHARLES BIRKIN

NEVER had a night passed more slowly. It seemed to Vera that she had been sitting in front of her switchboard for an eternity, until all her fingers had become thumbs—and boxing-glove thumbs at that.

Her session had started well enough, but the hot, airless room and the fact that this was her first night-shift had made her clumsy and stupid—a fact that had not escaped the notice of Miss Chatworthy, the efficient little superintendent.

Miss Chatworthy always appeared to be hovering in Vera's vicinity whenever that unfortunate girl made a mistake, and commented on the fact in a bright but acid voice.

"Accuracy is most important here, Miss Lyons," she had stated crisply. "Accuracy above *all* things. Please remember that." And she had gone tappeting away on her high heels, leaving Vera flushed with self-consciousness and humiliation.

Two hours more and she would be free to leave—oh, thrice blessed relief!

Sally lay staring up into the darkness. She could not understand why she was not more frightened.

She heard the sound again, a stealthy tread that had chanced upon a creaking board in the sitting-room.

Sally inhabited a modern flat at the top of a towering modern block, the upper floors of which had small and terraced roof-gardens. She had often thought that the building was God's gift to burglars and now that one had actually paid her a visit she was not at all sure how she should deal with the situation.

She tried to think out what she must do. A narrow hall separated her bedroom from the scene of the man's activities, and the only telephone in the flat was also in his odious presence. If she endeavoured to escape by the front door he would hear her as she turned the latch. Her roof-garden was on the other side of the sitting-room, and her bedroom windows were eight floors above the level of the street.

She realised with alarm that all her jewellery, none of which was insured, was in the safe behind the bookshelves, and she was not at all certain that she had even locked it.

Sally was not particularly courageous, but she had a strongly-developed sense of possession which made it imperative for her to take some sort of action.

As she swung her legs from the bed to the floor she tried to comfort herself with the thought that the majority of burglars were petty sneak-thieves, who, when surprised at their nefarious occupation, were so scared of the householder that they took refuge in immediate flight. With this encouraging idea in mind she decided to confront the little rat. As to her subsequent plan of campaign she was rather vague.

She tiptoed into the hall. The door leading to the sitting-room was open and she could see the beam from a carefully-shaded torch dancing over the bookshelves, probing into corners, focussing on her desk. She crept forward until she could reach the switches. Stretching out her hand, she flooded the room with light.

For a moment they stood staring at each other like figures in a tableau: Sally slender and fair in her thin nightdress, the man enormous in the small room.

For this was no sneak-thief that she had to deal with: he was well over six feet in height and of massive build. Expecting to find the soiled cap and muffler of fiction, Sally was surprised to see that he was neatly, if shabbily, dressed in a rather shiny blue suit and stiff white collar.

But his face was not reassuring. His

expression was sullen and defiant and his eyes shifty and cunning. After a moment, when he realised that he had only a girl to deal with, he at once assumed the swagger of a bully that his terrific physical strength had always given him.

"Get out at once!" Sally tried to keep a quaver out of her voice. "Do you want me to call the police?"

He came towards her. "I shouldn't try any of that if I were you," he said. "I've been watching you for the last few days. Nice stuff you've got. Where do you keep it, eh?"

"Get out! And don't come any nearer or I'll scream for help."

"Scream away. No one will hear you. The people below have gone to the country. You don't think we do jobs like this haphazard these days, do you?" He was standing very close to her now.

"For the last time, will you get out?"

He grinned at her. "For the last time, I will not," he mocked. "Come along, where is it?"

He gripped her bare arm, and twisted her up against him, and the smell of his body was in her nostrils. The thick silver watch-chain that spanned the upper part of his waistcoat hurt her cheek.

She gave a faint cry of pain. The man released his hold and caught her in his arms. His thick lips were wet on her face. Vainly she struggled to free herself.

"Let me go—you filthy swine! You'd better let me go. My husband will be back at any minute."

"Will he now? Won't that be just too bad, Miss Carlton?"

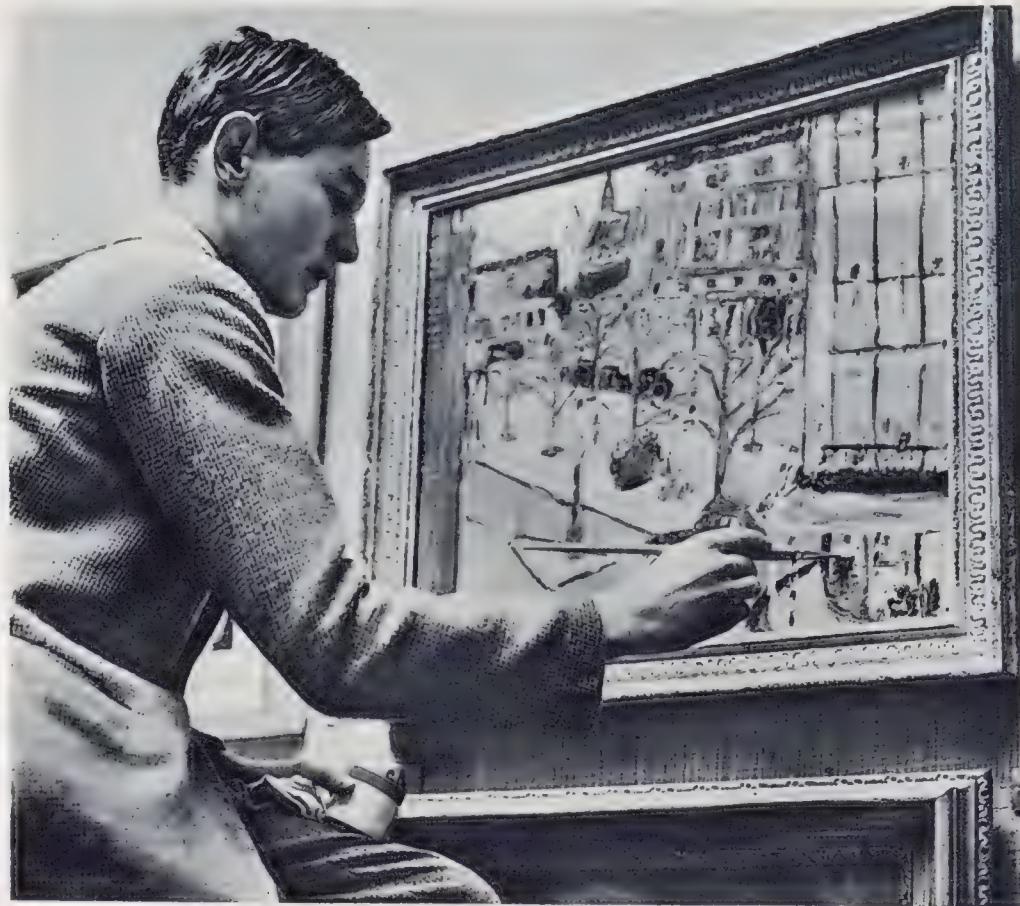
She writhed in his grasp. "You seem to know a lot about me. Well, then, he's not my husband. Now get out, you filthy beast!"

He laughed, and held her, impotent, away from him. "But he's a very lucky man, all the same." He made a grab at the top of the flimsy nightdress.

"You'll see if I'm lying. The night porter telephones up when he gets into the lift."

"Ve-ry convenient—ve-ry convenient, I must say." It was obvious that he did not believe a word of what she was saying. His breath smelt of stale whisky and rotting teeth. "He'd better hurry to-night, Miss Carlton."

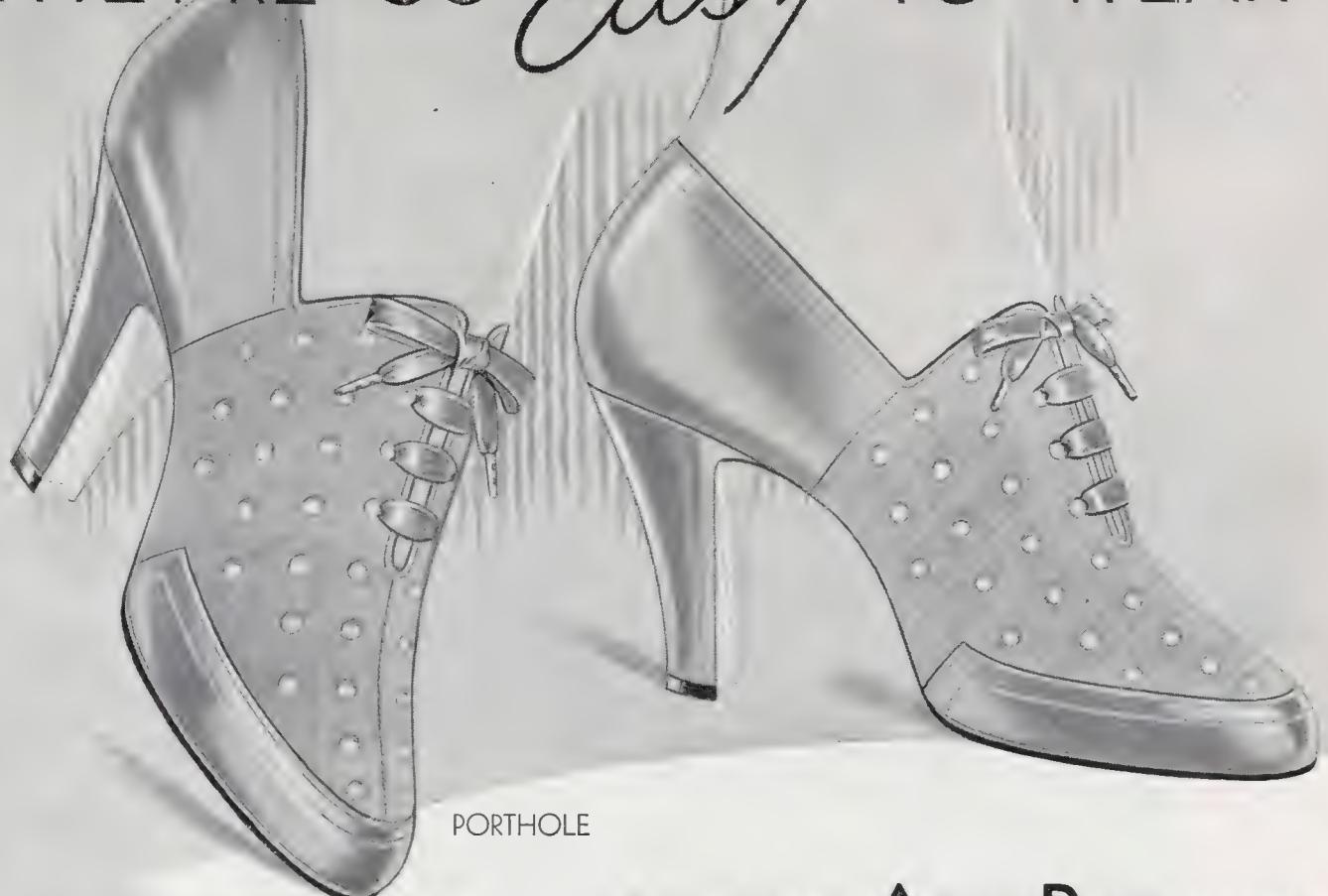
(Continued on page xii)



VARNISHING DAY

One of the youngest exhibitors at this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition is Edwin Bramall, a sixteen-year-old Etonian. Here he is on Varnishing Day touching up a picture of Sloane Square, one of two he has had accepted. Private View Day this year was on Friday, May 3

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300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles.

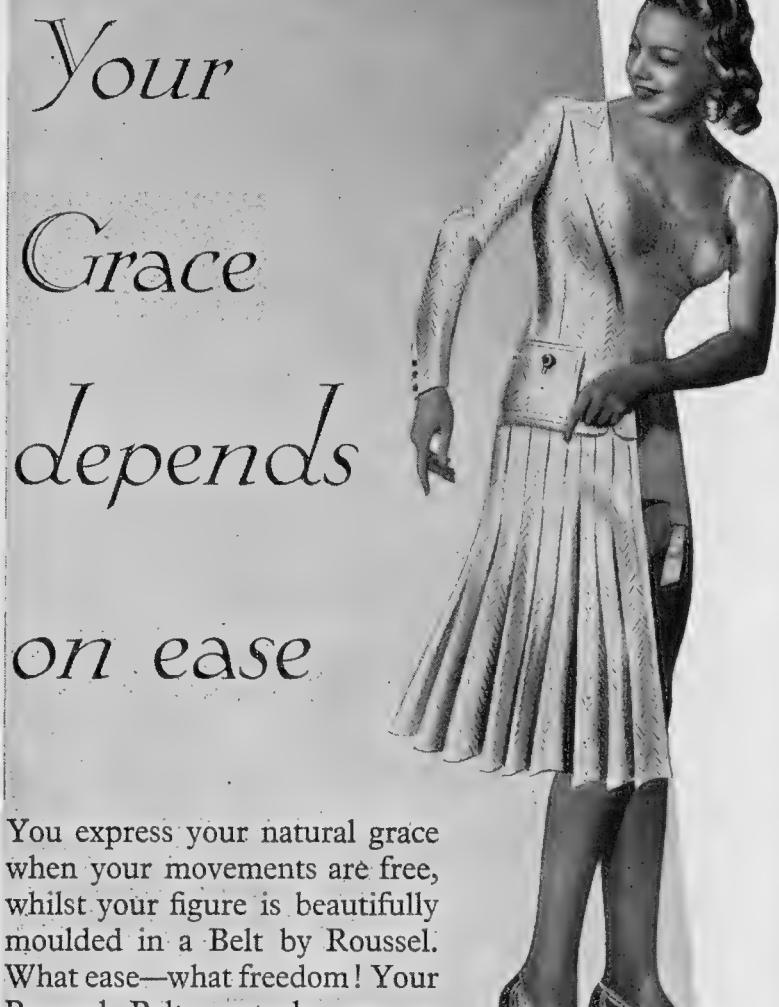
A SMART CASUAL COAT



For running up to town, meeting the train, taking out the dog, giving orders in the garden and, with the right accessories, looking casually very smart, this is a lovely little coat to slip on over a suit or frock. Three-quarter length in very charming tweeds of multi-colours and checks. From £5 : 15 : 6

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

THERE are excellent reasons for a woman to welcome the evening dress on the left. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street; it is flattering, and carried out in a lovely shade of silver blue crépe. As will be seen, the neckline is arranged with a draped scarf, which may be worn in a variety of ways. The belt is looped, and the hip-yoke cut on butterfly-wing lines. It is sure to meet with a great success



FUR does make a difference. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have used ocelot to increase the charm of this lime-green boucllette ensemble. It consists of dress and bolero. The former buttons down the front, the scheme being completed with a neat felt hat to match

Photographs by Hugh Whue

SIMPLE lines are the characteristic feature of the dress below, sponsored by the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jays, Regent Street. It is of printed crépe. There is a variety of designs, in all instances the price being 8½ guineas. The corsage portion crosses over while the skirt is arranged with fashionable pressed-down box pleats

in Town to-day

MANY declare that there is no better letter of introduction than a becoming hat. Gorringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road, are responsible for those on the right. The one at the top of the page is of tucked blue ribbon. The hat below is bound with white ribbon. The hat below is of stitched taffeta, with roses and quills on the crown.

THESE are model hats. Nevertheless, they have expanding hats of taffeta with latex yarn introduced for 12s. 1d. An illustration of the same appears in the catalogue, sent gratis and post free on application. Neither must it be overlooked that there are shady linen hats for 16s. 1d.

THERE is one thing about which the majority of women do not think it wise to economize and that is furs, as they really are investments. Every one must at the earliest opportunity visit Harrods, Knightsbridge, and see their collection, including the ocelot and nutria coat shown below.



Photographs by Hugh White



If you, dear lady, are longing to be the possessor of that sleek, well-controlled outline the secret is — **FLEXEES**. Are you small or are you tall; are you average, hip-heavy or top-heavy? No matter — there's a **FLEXEES** to suit you — to smooth away undesirable curves with a gentle persuasiveness which controls yet never constricts. Your favourite store will have the latest Spring models.

Corselettes from
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ALL WOMEN may enjoy admiration. Lips that appeal . . . a skin alluring, petal smooth . . . perfect colour blending . . . beauty realistically natural in its appeal. Adelaide Grey's famous Rose Petal Skin Food, cleanses and gives the exquisite smoothness of the dewy English Rose to tired and parched skins . . . 2/9d. . . . Lipsticks in six lovely shades, more indelible — satin smooth with a sparkle and intensity of colour . . . 2/6d. . . . The New Rouge Solide, blends with all skins. In three exquisite shades . . . 2/6d. . . . Cream Rouge, Nature's own colouring, imparting the delicate bloom of youth to the skin . . . 1/9d. . . . Powder in six lovely shades, Black and Gold Box . . . 1/9d. . . . Delightful Cream and Red Box . . . 2/-. . . . Although moderate in price all my preparations are compounded by experts from the rarest and costliest ingredients and are definitely equal to the most expensive . . . further, they are entirely British made and British owned.

At all Stores, Boots and good Chemists.

Adelaide Grey

27 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



For the Trouseau . . .

AN artistic study in cloud grey and flamingo pink is the negligée pictured above from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The bishop sleeves and crossover corsage have much to be said in their favour. The skirt is full; as a matter of fact, when the wearer moves there is a certain suggestion of the ballerina. Surely the price will come as a surprise, for it is only 79s. 6d.

THE secret of success is undoubtedly doing things well, and it may be stated without fear of contradiction that Liberty, Regent Street, have always done so. Hence their reputation for negligées is on a plane apart. The model above on the right is of satin, as soft as the petal of a rose and of the same shade. Parchment tinted lace has been used for decorative purposes, while the simulated waist drapery is of the Swiss

SURELY no debutante will be able to resist the house frock on the right, which may be seen at Walpole's, New Bond Street. The material chosen for its fashioning is the new gleaming satin, the design picked out with chenille velvet. The neckline and puff sleeves are attractive, and the price of 4 guineas even more so. The gingham house coats with small waists are flattering



Photographs by Hugh White

The Social Round

(Continued from page 202)

none of making her usual excursion to Narvik where the sea trout at Elvegarde provide wonderful sport in idyllic surroundings. This travelled angler remarked that the Prime Minister is not only a tireless fisherman, but one of the best. King George V would have been accounted in the first half-dozen shots whatever his profession; equally Mr. Chamberlain ranks high as a fisherman apart from his umbrella stand. He has the temperament, and the technique.

Hurst Park Meeting

Turning to another sport, to racing at Hurst Park, the gate was better than pre-war. The sea of blue hats—male and military—gave Hurst a *cachet* it never had before. Nothing much happened except that Mr. Persse's fancied candidate was third, and Lady Reay won the Tote double. Fashions included an indescribable shade of brownish plum worn by Mrs. Philip Kindersley; Hargreave Pawson's dapper gent's pork pie; Peggy Hamilton's red ribbon turban, and Lady Milton's sling. She was with her mother-in-law, Lady Fitzwilliam. Another recent casualty, "Quinnie" Gilbey, was being commiserated with about his motor crash. "The Mem" had lost her hat, but looked attractive. So did Lady Willoughby de Broke in dark blue and white for spring, attended by her husband wearing R.A.F. uniform. Peter Beatty in uniform, Lady Stanley in black, Mrs. Vandy Beatty, Mrs. Lambton, Mrs. Glorney, who has been very ill with pneumonia, the Duchess of Norfolk walking with Jack Clayton, Mrs. Dewar veiled, Mrs. Smith-Bingham wearing one of the new bright red coats over dark blue—of which there were several cheaper editions—Lady Tichborne, Lord Long, John Hobhouse, Mrs. Rupert Byass, Stanley Cayzer (11th), Miss Arbelle Mackintosh and Miss Audrey Taylor were other enthusiasts. Miss Taylor is a Northumbrian, her family live at Chilham Castle, and she did them credit in royal blue with a sailor hat.

Thé Dansant and Afternoon Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hordern (Ursula Gibbons) whose most decorative wedding present was a pair of alabaster vases from the Mountbattens, did not get back to Claridge's from their fully-choral R.C. wedding until nearly five-thirty, and by the time I had enjoyed this radiant reception, thronged with members of the bridegroom's squadron, and with such pretty people as Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Iris Mountbatten, Mrs. Max Aitken and Mrs. George Maxwell, it was getting late for the *dansant* given in honour of red-head Suzanne Warren Pearl's coming-out, by her mother and Lady St. John of Bletso, yet the latter's big house in Ennismore Gardens, where so many of us have danced in our day, still held a hundred young couples, energetically prancing under the eyes of at least thirty mothers, plus sundry members of the Older Guard such as Judge Hargreaves (busy with the conchies three days a week), Major David Burt-Marshall, Mrs. Cecil Leatham, and General "Reggie" Kentish, who was off to Delysia's play, and to take her out. He had been lunching at White's, and while making plans for the evening asked the hall porter "Where's 'French for Love'?" This oracle, misunderstanding the first, replied "Amour," which you will admit is a nice story, seeing that the Criterion is opposite Eros, and that Alice charms every heart. Furthermore Major "Fruity" Metcalfe complimented the H.P. on his accent.

"The lilies contending
with the roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off"

Philip Massinger



FOR happy days, for joyful happenings, for occasions that really matter, when you must be at your best, you turn instinctively to the quiet, satisfying beauty of the Yardley Lavender. It is such a lovely fragrance. It gives an air of refinement and charm during the day and is ideal for the less formal evening engagements.



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LAVENDER



MRS. NEIL FRASER-TYLER

Châtelaine of lovely Aldourie Castle in Inverness, the widow of Colonel Neil Fraser-Tyler is doing her bit in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, in which she holds high rank. Mrs. Fraser-Tyler is the daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Shairp of Houston, and is a well-known Scottish hostess



LONDON COMMANDANTS

While her husband commands the First London Division, Mrs. C. F. Liardet is Senior Commandant 2nd City of London Clerical Company. Lady Trenchard is Chief Commandant of the City of London A.T.S.



MRS. LAUGHTON MATHEWS, M.B.E.

Daughter of the late Sir John Laughton, R.N., Mrs. Laughton Mathews has kept up the family tradition in two wars. She was awarded the M.B.E. for her work in the W.R.N.S. in 1914-18, and now in the second act is a director of that important auxiliary of the Senior Service

WOMEN IN KHAKI AND BLUE



LADY WARRENDER WITH THE POLISH AMBASSADOR

This picture was taken when H.E. Count Edward Raczyński inspected a mobile canteen which Lady Warrender, wife of the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, has organized to circulate among Polish units in France, where its amenities are bound to be fully appreciated. Lady Warrender is the President of the Polish Armed Forces Comforts Fund



MRS. JOAN PARRY, M.B.E.

The wife of Air Vice-Marshal R. G. Parry, D.S.O., who went to the R.A.F. from the Navy, is herself in uniform. She is a Company Assistant in the A.T.S. Mrs. Parry was formerly Miss Joan Brunner, daughter of the late Major T. W. Buckley of Clopton Manor, Kettering

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MACLAREN - KEY

The wedding took place recently in New Delhi between Captain Charles James MacLaren of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Mr. John Carver MacLaren, J.P., of Alexandria, Egypt, and Mrs. MacLaren, and Miss Joan Veronica Key, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel B. W. Key, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Key, of New Delhi

THREE PRETTY WEDDINGS



MATHER - GILLESPIE

The marriage took place recently at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, between Lieutenant Peter Mather (producer of *The Women*) and Miss Audrey Gillespie, niece of Mr. R. H. Gillespie, the well-known theatrical figure



ROBINSON - BENTLEY

The wedding took place at Christ Church, Wanstead, recently between Mr. E. J. Robinson, youngest son of Sir Sydney and Lady Robinson, of Snaresbrook, Essex, and Miss Edith Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bentley, of Redcliffe, Queensland. The bride flew from Australia for her marriage

Engagement Rings

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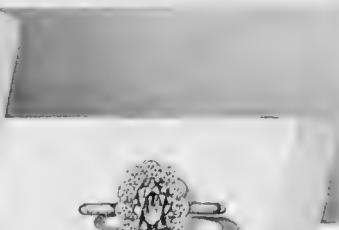
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Diamond
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329.
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Sapphire and Diamonds
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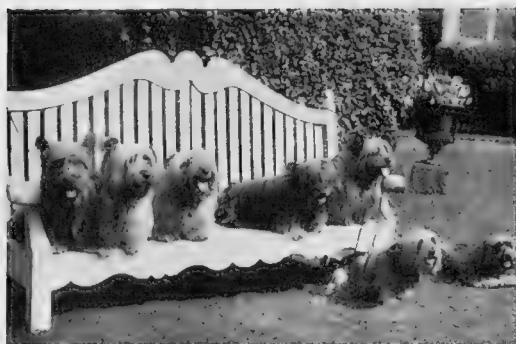
THE NEW—DIFFERENT—FOUNDATION CREAM



Woman in war-time dares not forgo the niceties of life, for the will to win of those who serve lies often in the remembrance of her loveliness. The fragrance of her presence is not the least exquisite of her charms. Created especially for daytime wear by the great parfumeur, Lenthéric, is Bouquet Lenthéric, the echo of a perfume, a light and delicate fragrance. There is a Bouquet recalling each of the glorious Lenthéric perfumes: Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, Lotus d'Or, Numéro 12, Gardenia de Tahiti, Jasmin, Carnation. Flacons (as illustrated) at 5/6, 9/6 and 16/6.

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the daytime fragrance

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SKYE TERRIERS
Property of Mrs. Eaden

You hear a lot about air raids now and it is just as well to settle beforehand what you would do with your dogs if a raider came near; this is for the country of course. In the last war an old friend who lived in a district much patronized by Zeppelins told me if there was a warning she at once put all her dogs on leads. It is a horrible idea that they should be frightened, get away and never be seen again. Some dogs are very sensitive to explosive noises, others don't care a bit. I should like to have my dogs with me and not shut up alone, but in the case of a large kennel you couldn't do this. Public shelters in towns won't admit dogs, it is as well to remember this, N.A.R.P.A.C. is doing good work in country districts and also in towns.

The French Bulldog shares the distinction of his English brother; if you really like either you don't take to any other breed. He has quite a distinct character from the English Bulldog, being of a lively, cheerful, sociable nature. He makes a most excellent companion, especially to any one who lives a more or less town life, as he is very good tempered and never barks. The photograph is of

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Mrs. Nixey and Fifinella, who was the chosen companion of the late Lady Kathleen Pilkington, who showed her successfully. She is a winner of two certificates. Fifinella is in good hands now, as she never leaves Mrs. Nixey. Mrs. Nixey runs the well-known Lincoln Boarding Kennels in Kent and also Louie May's Dog Shop in London, so she is a busy woman. All kinds of dogs can be procured and also dogs can be left for the day or hour with her. The training kennel is another side. Girls receive a thorough training in all branches.

The Skye Terrier is a dog of marked character. Devoted to his friends, he is not partial to strangers, whom he treats with a dour aloofness. In Queen Victoria's day he was very popular indeed; she always had at least one Skye about. Then the rage for foreign breeds set in, and Skyes, in company with several other good British breeds, had to take a back seat. By a



TOUGH GUY

In the "Obedience" Class



FIFINELLA
Property of Mrs. Nixey

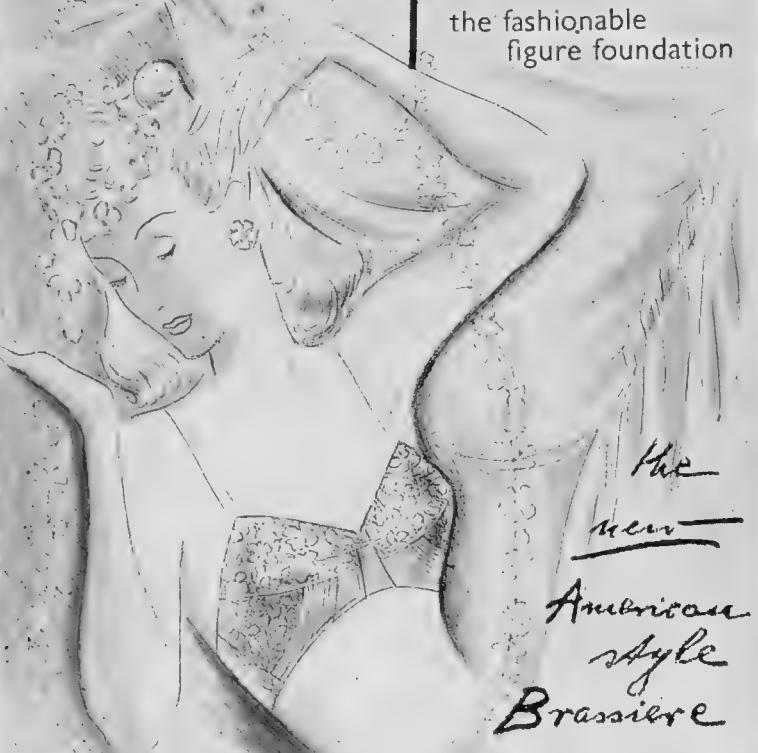
curious turn of events he became immensely popular on the Continent; France, Germany and Belgium procured our best specimens. When I judged in Paris the open class in Skyes contained ten really first-class specimens. Lately he has been coming back to favour in this country I am glad to say. His long coat has been against him as a companion, but unless you want to show your Skye, you need not trouble about more than a daily brushing, and his devotion, staunchness and intelligence are worth this. The photograph is of a group of Mrs. Eaden's Skyes, which are well known to all show-goers.

Lady Kitty Ritson in one of her amusing and illuminating articles says foreign breeds prosper here so far as they do not change their characteristics. That must be why the Brussels Griffon has, for he certainly has retained all his personality. He is a delightful little dog, full of brains and quite hardy. Every show-goer knows Mrs. Bridle's pair Lala Rogkh Jolie and his son, Tough Guy, and their excellent performances.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.

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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMENNIES

Holiday Tune-up

HUMAN beings, like cars, need an occasional tune-up. And a holiday with its change of scene and atmosphere is as beneficial to a body as a change of lubricating oil is to the engine. For the same reason a holiday should not be regarded as an extravagance, but as an investment to maintain efficiency just as an occasional visit to a service depot improves the performance of a car.

This summer's holiday style will differ from that of its predecessors. Most people instead of hopping from point to point, will choose one spot as a centre and radiate daily from it. They'll probably scrounge enough petrol to get there unless they take their cars by train. In which case they'll have all their rations for local touring. Both the L.M.S. and G.W. railways offer attractive terms for car conveyance to those holding not less than one first-class or two third-class adult tickets. Also the car goes with them unless unforeseen circumstances prevent it. The rates for a minimum of fifty miles are threepence a mile for a single journey and fourpence halfpenny a mile for a return. Thus you can train your car from London to Glasgow and back for about £8 on the L.M.S., or from London to Exeter and back on the G.W.R. for under £3 10s., these figures being subject to a slight recent increase.

Choose a Good Centre

The choice of a centre, especially for a family with varied interests, is all important. Here are some high spot districts where the country is interesting, the attractions varied and the hotels all ready to welcome. First the Bournemouth-New Forest area. In Bournemouth there is an

unrivalled selection of hotels, many with splendid sporting facilities on the premises. Branksome Towers and The Haven at Sandbanks are wonderfully situated and full of *la vie*. Then Knoll House, Studland Bay, Canford Cliffs Hotel and Hinton Firs specialize in family parties. The bathing at Studland is the safest and warmest I know on the South Coast. If you like walking or riding then try the New Forest. It's looking lovely now, and the Montague Arms at Beaulieu, East Close at Hinton St. Michael or Beech House at Bransgore are the places to stay at. Also there's yachting at Buckler's Hard on the Beaulieu River.

In the West Country

If you choose an inland centre in Somerset, Devon or Cornwall, Taunton and the Castle Hotel being typical, you have the English and Bristol Channel coasts as alternative objectives. Or if you go farther west there's that admirable place, the Arundel Arms at Lifton, whence you can radiate to the moors or coast. In the west many places specialize in riding, for which the great open spaces of Exmoor and Dartmoor



SPRING SCENE

In spite of petrol rationing, owners of cars that are sparing in their consumption of the precious juice like this useful Wolseley "Twelve," can still get out into the country from time to time and take a look at the spring at first hand, lambs, daffodils and all. This vernal picture was taken on a Herefordshire farm where the lamb, though not averse to fondling from outsiders, is an especial pet of the household and has been reared from the bottle

provide a perfect setting. The Porlock neighbourhood abounds in pleasant ports of call, two unique spots being Cross Acres in that charming village of Selworthy, and Holnicote House just opposite. If you prefer the South Coast you can jolly yourself along at Torquay or Paignton. The Palace at the former is closed but the Palace at Paignton is going strong. Near by at Totnes is Chateau Bellevue, Grahame Lyon's amusing Anglo-French

(Continued on page viii)

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In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

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THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LTD.

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Remember-

40 miles to the gallon in the Ten

35 " " " " Twelve

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with normal driving

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is the wartime slogan of the network of authorised Vauxhall Dealers. They are carrying on cheerfully with their job of helping Britain's road transport to run efficiently. At your local Vauxhall Dealer's you can rely on skilful diagnosis, swift attention by trained mechanics backed by specialised equipment, with reasonable charges on a low flat-rate basis.

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10 h.p. £182 . 12 h.p. £198 . 14 h.p. £235

VAUXHALL MOTORS LTD., LUTON, BEDS.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE PLACE?

It is a case of "no names no pack drill," but the certain information is that the car is a 1½ litre M.G. full four-seater tourer, and that it could not have chosen a more attractive frame for its picture

hôtellerie. Farther west is Burgh Island Hotel, and farther still there's a bit of country that's different from anything else in Britain. It fringes the Helford River, an intriguing jigsaw of creeks, woods and rambling lanes. Here high spots are the Ferry Boat Inn and the Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean; both a few miles west of Falmouth.

Other exceptional centres in the west are the G.W.R. hotels at St. Ives and Moretonhampstead, the Bristol at Newquay and Mount Hotel and Sandy Cove, near Ilfracombe.

Quite near Clovelly is to be found Hoops Inn, where the old world mingles with the new in friendly rivalry.

of this district is that you have the maximum change of scene within the minimum radius. But it's no place for the sophisticated, for a bottle of beer, a packet of sandwiches and old clothes are the order of the day. And one thing you'll like here is the helpfulness of the people, always ready to suggest some object for a day's adventure. For they love every stone on those towering skylines and want you to appreciate it too.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page vi)

And now to Wales

Easily the most beautiful place I know of in North Wales is Portmeirion, near Portmadoc. It is also the most unusual. On the other or north side of Snowdon there are well-run places at Capel Curig and Llanberis from which you can climb the mountain easily or at some peril. You can also train to the summit and stay the night in a small but modern hotel under the peak. From a centre like this you're near enough to the blandishments of Llandudno or the simplicities of Anglesey. And if you want a small but de luxe place in the island try Wern-y-Wylan at Llanddona. Other Welsh suggestions are Lake Vyrnwy Hotel for good food and fishing, Harlech for golf and fresh air, and the Imperial at Tenby.



PEACE AND WAR—A "SHERE" DELIGHT

The car is a 1940 Hillman "Minx," the "How," one of those collected in the first German war. There is still time to add to the numbers. Shere, incidentally, is in Surrey

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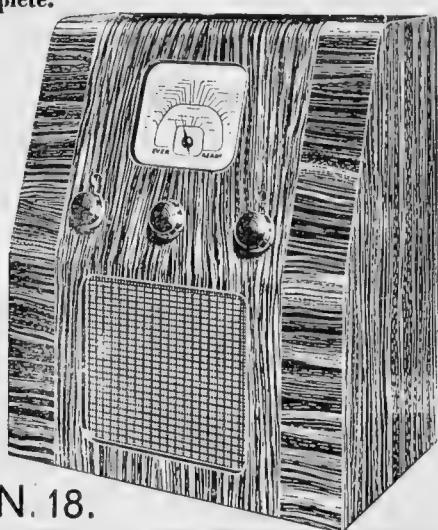
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Plain Martini Vermouth is the drink for these strenuous days. Martini Vermouth is a rich matured wine of rare bouquet and flavour, blended with aromatic herbs specially selected for their digestive and tonic properties. If your appetite is jaded, if your liver is letting you down, if you are in need of a tonic, have a glass of Martini Vermouth —dry or sweet, but *neat*.

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DRINK IT NEAT

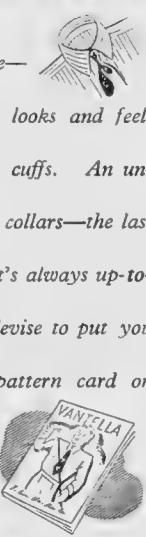
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So 'Vantella' and 'Van Heusen' got together. To produce—

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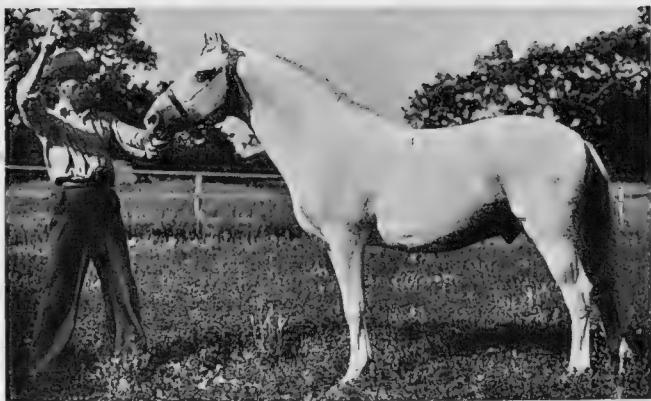


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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 226)

The stupidity of clamouring for detailed news of operations of war whilst they are in actual progress has been forcibly demonstrated of late. It is always more trying for the man sitting in the grandstand than it is for the jockey out taking on the obstacles in the roll, bowl or pitch game and perhaps, therefore, anxiety, even when it begins to make people querulous, is very largely excusable. Everything looks so simple on paper, especially when someone says that he has worked it all out to four places of decimals. But it is never as simple as all that. Here's a little yarn which I think may help as an illustration. There was once a peevish and very penurious owner of things called racehorses, who was over fond of loading up any one who was so unfortunate as to ride for him, with minute instructions as to how he was to time the race. Incidentally the owner would never have made up into



"FLORIAN"—A FAMOUS LIPPIZAN HORSE

Mr. Winfield R. Sheehan, husband of the renowned Jeritza, has made a film, due in London shortly, based on this particular steed, one of the historic breed introduced into Austria from Spain. Winfield Sheehan produced *Cavalcade*, *What Price Glory*, *Seventh Heaven*, and the earliest Shirley Temple films.

"Florian" is the leading character in the film

a naval gunner because he only took into consideration the speed of his own "ship": he never so much as thought of the possible or probable speed of the enemy's "ship." Well, one day he had a pretty good one running in a steeplechase and even though it was handicapped up to the last postage stamp it had a goodish chance of winning, properly ridden, and blessed by any ordinary sort of luck.

* * *

As usual before the highly competent pilot was thrown up, this owner got hold of him and proceeded to tell him exactly where he had got to be at every yard of the three miles. He had to be fourth here, third there, second as they went into the last one and a length behind as they got to the distance post and so forth, and win comfortably by a couple of lengths—and so on. He ended up, also as usual, by saying that he had a fair packet on and that it simply had to come back as he had been "goin' so bad old boy all the week." A "Hitler" by the same token. As things turned out the pace was a cracker from the word go. The highly competent pilot forgot every word of the jape to which he had been compelled to listen, and refrained from trying to join in the merry party out in front of him. He waited for the moment when the leaders began to show some signs of coming back to him and then he began

In the British Tradition

In every quarter of the globe, you will hear people say

"It is British—it is the best." Everywhere British goods are accepted as the finest, and of all the British cars built today, none more truly reflects this tradition than the Alvis. Its engineering excellence, its many refinements, are still maintained in the limited production which continues notwithstanding this company's great and ever-increasing output of important work for His Majesty's Forces.

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*The Silver Crest, £595
The Speed 25 from £735*

*Four-point-Three, £995
The 12/70 from £445*



A RECENT BETROTHAL

Miss Mia Macklin, the champion ice skater, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Macklin, and Mr. Peter Hodge, R.A., younger son of Sir Rowland Hodge, whose engagement was announced on April 24

to take ground to his front very cautiously. He was nowhere near where the owner said he ought to be when the last one came, but he won that contest by a short head all the same. The owner came out to lead him in, furious and green and quivering like an "aspic."

"Why the Ricketts Blue did you draw it as fine as that? Why the Hailsham didn't you go up to them sooner? Why the flames of Hades didn't you do as I told you? Why the—"

The pilot said: "Hold your jaw you ape! If I had done as you told me I should not be here now!"

So we never hadn't oughter think that we can work this or any sort of thing out on paper, simply because it does not work.



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those who prefer
Quality*

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THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

"Wrong Number"

(Continued from page 234)

As he spoke he was pushing her towards the sofa. And at that moment the telephone rang, shrill and insistant.

The man stiffened. "You little bitch. So it is true after all." He struck her a brutal blow on the mouth, and she reeled and fell to the ground. Half-stunned she watched him hurry to the french window, and saw the broad expanse of his back as it filled the starlit rectangle. Then he was gone, out on to the roofs.

Brrr . . . brrr . . . brrr . . . brrr

In a daze she automatically dragged herself to her feet to answer the nagging, dual summons.

"Yes?"

"Is that Mayfair 1025?" queried the operator.

Sally began to laugh. "No. I'm afraid you've got the wrong number." Her laughter was high pitched and unnatural.

"Sorry you've been troubled," clacked a metallic voice. And the line went dead.

David followed Joan into the drawing-room. It was large and high ceiled and most tastefully decorated in neutral shades that set off to perfection the great sprays of flowers that stood against the pickled panelling of the walls. Although it was nearly three o'clock in the morning a fire still smouldered in the grate, mute evidence of the detailed comfort with which her house was run.

David was tired and a little tight, but not at all sleepy. They had been to a play and then to a restaurant to dance, followed by a brief visit to a bottle party, and Joan had asked him to come up for a nightcap before he went home.

All their friends knew that Joan was in love with David, and at times, especially towards the end of some gala evening, David admitted as much to himself with a certain rather smug complacency.

At such times he had often toyed with the idea

of asking Joan to marry him, but he had, at heart, an uneasy feeling that she would accept, and since in his more sober moments David did not wish to marry anybody, this would not have suited his book at all.

"Whisky or beer?"

"Beer, please."

She opened the bottle for him and brought a glass to where he was standing with his back to the fire. David thought that she looked very lovely in her plain black velvet dress. But then she should, he told himself, she's got the reputation for being one of London's most glamorous young ex-marrieds.

They had known one another well, and for a long time, and still found excitement and novelty in each others company.

David drank his beer slowly. She did not drink at all—or to be quite accurate she drank only brandy and soda—on very rare occasions.

Tonight David felt extremely affectionate towards Joan. Perhaps it was because he had met a number of his friends who were happily married which made him fancy himself to be approaching a lonely middle age. Perhaps it was the champagne. Perhaps it was just Joan. But whatever the cause the effect was the same.

He pulled out his case and lit a cigarette. It was the last that he had. He turned the case round in his fingers. It was of two different coloured golds and had been given him by Joan a couple of years previously.

"Do you remember when you gave me this?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course I do, darling. It was after we both had such a successful evening in the Casino at Buck's weekend. Why?"

"Nothing. I was only wondering if you'd have to think before you answered." He slipped it back into his pocket. "I say Joan," he began, "I think we both like each other a good deal, and anyway we know each others faults, and laugh

at the same jokes. Don't you think we're rather silly not to . . ." he broke off as the telephone rang. He was panic stricken at what he was leading up to. "I'll answer that thing," he said abruptly. "Hello, hello. Who do you want? No, it's not." He put down the receiver. "Sorry you've been troubled," said the operator to nobody in particular.

"Yes, David?" Joan said.

But the thread was broken. David experienced an overwhelming feeling of relief. Of danger narrowly escaped.

"I was going to say don't you think we're silly not to see more of each other."

"Really, Miss Lyons," said Miss Chatworthy, "I hope you'll do better tomorrow night, I'm sure. Two more wrong numbers! I don't know what the subscribers will think. You'll have to be more careful if you want to stay here, you know."

The Paper Shortage

In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of "THE TATLER" each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us.

Thank you

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A simple maternity dress, designed and carried out by Du Barry

For the Young Matron

There is no doubt about it, women have to economize, and those who are needing maternity dresses cannot do better than wend their way to the Du Barry salons, Suite 4, 9-10 Marble Arch, as there are flattering and satisfactory frocks for a modest outlay. For instance, the dress shown is

of plain crépe with a printed panel; the state of affairs can be reversed if desired. It is designed for easy adjustment, and may be slipped into in the fraction of a second. The cost is from 63s. Another point in its favour is that it can be altered without moving hooks and eyes. The catalogue, sent on application, is worthy of careful study, as each illustration is accompanied by a miniature envelope in which is enclosed a pattern of the material and full details of the dress.

The Badge of his Regiment

Regimental badges can be beautiful brooches as well as souvenirs, say Charles Packer, 76 Regent Street. They support this claim with the badges photographed here, accurately copied in every detail and made from their own dies. All their experience in the last war has gone into the designs, and any badge can be produced. This is work that demands an expert, for the heraldic details are extremely complicated. Their new booklet, which will be sent on application, illustrates badges of the leading regiments. Prices are from 30s. to £50 or more, for the badges can be made in diamonds as well as gold or platinum.

For the Small Person

Really the "Osnath" Baby Carriages are delightful. They are made by Ashton Bros. and Phillips, of Warrington,

and are sold in shops of prestige everywhere. The new illustrated brochure would be sent on application, together with the name and address of the nearest agent. These carriages have sometimes been described as the Rolls-Royces of the pavement. The bodies are constructed of three-ply birch; the chassis of Sheffield Spring steel.

A little Billet Doux

There is always something new to help women in their quest for beauty. Yardleys are warmly to be congratulated on their latest "aid," for which there is no charge; all that it is necessary to do is to write to Mary Foster, c/o Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, indicating the colouring of the eyes, hair and skin, and the shades of the writer's outfit. She will receive a card stamped with the most becoming rouge and lipstick shades.



Regimental badges and brooches, carried out by Charles Packer

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This illustration shows a black cloth suit with its neat wrap-over skirt and single breasted jacket. The jacket is bound with braid and has slit hip pockets to match.

Bernard Weatherill

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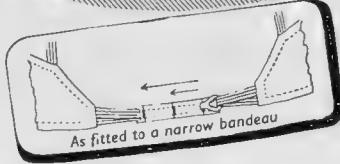
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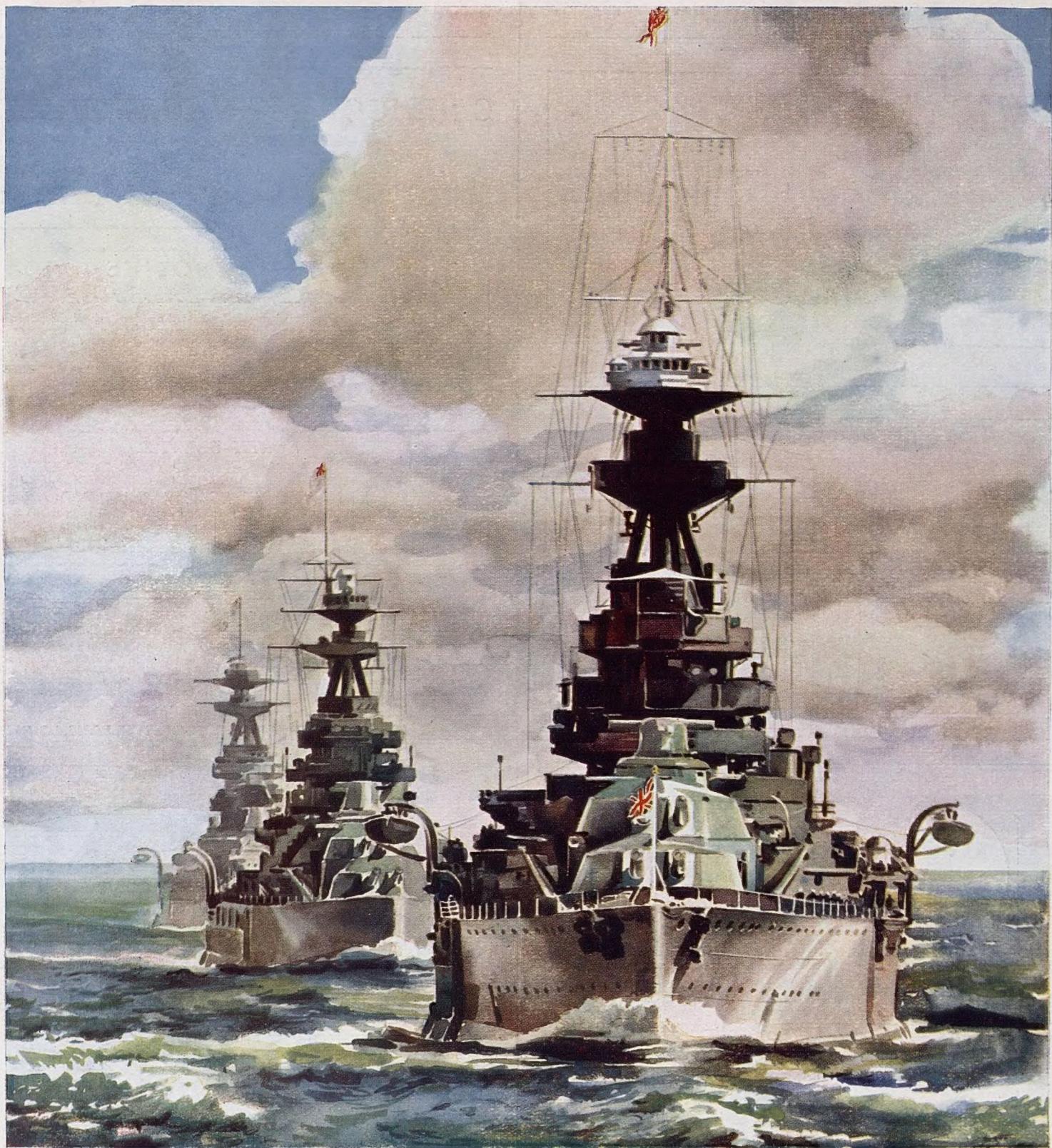
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